

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Every Friday 1d

Have You Seen
My Magazine?

THE GREAT JOY DAY OF THE WORLD

PEACE DAY OF THE NATIONS

GREAT PEACE BEGUN

Joy Day of Presidents, Premiers,
and Peoples

A RIDE WITH THE FLAG

Never was seen so wonderful a gathering of great men as at Versailles on the 28th of June. We must remember it as the greatest day in history—the greatest day since Bethlehem, the American Naval Minister wired home from Paris, for the Great Peace was signed which all the world hopes has ended war for ever; and it was signed by the people's leaders, with not a king at the table.

It seemed as if all the famous people of the world were there to see the signing of the Peace. And never did famous men so mingle in a crowd.

Famous Men Seek Famous Men

The Big Three passed through a barrage of humanity almost as hard to get through as a barrage of shells. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, and M. Clemenceau were swept off their feet as they left the palace where the treaty had been signed. They were hit on the back; they were kissed; they were pelted with flowers; they were given wreaths, bouquets, and every kind of floral tribute imaginable; and the secret police who guard these august people stood looking on, helpless and aghast. Our leaders need no secret police when they are delivering the world from war.

Inside the palace the most famous men in the world had been caught in the act of autograph hunting—famous men winding their way through the Hall of Mirrors, seeking other famous men who would write down their names in that great room on that great day.

As they left the palace, with the treaty signed and the Great War over, after 4 years and 328 days, the scene in the vast space outside Versailles was such as no man ever saw before.

Clemenceau

A mighty concourse of glad and cheering people greeted the Prime Minister of France as he stood on the edge of the terrace with a tiny wreath of red, white, and blue flowers in his hand. The great fountains were playing—emblem of untold happiness to France, for these fountains have not played since that other day, now nearly fifty years ago, when the tramp of the Prussian hoof was heard in that very hall, and the military Empire of Germany set out from this very spot on that career of conquest that has brought it so low.

At the end of the day the presidents and premiers went home, and in all their countries the hearts and voices of their people were thanking God. It was the great joy-day of the world.

Savage Chief Stands for the Kinema



An Australian warship has been despatched to put down a disturbance caused by this chieftain, Nagapate, lately kinematographed in his savage island in the Pacific

A JOY-RIDE THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE

A great joy-ride the Editor had through our countryside at home, back from Canterbury Cathedral, the Temple of the Peace of Christendom, in a motor-car decked with flags that whispered the first news of peace to many a village as it passed through.

We flew along with the thrill of those horsemen of old who carried the news from Dover up to London, for we were the first that burst into these villages with flying flags; and a joyous ride it was to see the people turn, and guess the meaning of the flags, and shout.

And how happy were the little ones! It is the Children's Peace. I see a little fellow standing at the gate, the only sign of life in the solitary road. I hear his voice, "Has Peace been signed?" and I see the little man waving with delight as I shout the answer back. I see the groups of children looking up; I fling them a handful of coppers, and they know what the rolling pennies mean.

We catch the echoes of hurrahs, and joyous sounds from women at the windows and men at doors and children

at the gate; and it seems as if a car bedecked with flags could beat all other means of bringing news, and could wreathe a countryside in smiles.

Never before was such news carried through England by motor-car. Long-fellow's ride of Paul Revere, Browning's ride from Ghent to Aix—what were either of them compared with this ride on invisible horses carrying the good news through Kent? Like a magic touch of Merrie England was this ride.

And the joy lived on for days. The streets of our towns were decked with flags, and everywhere the nation was rejoicing. The King met the Prime Minister at the station; he spoke to the people from the balcony of Buckingham Palace; he wrote his autograph for an Australian soldier as the carriage was held up in the street. The House of Commons, which rarely gives way to the emotion that thrills the country, sang the National Anthem, and everywhere the hearts of the people were lifted up.

So let it be, for our joy was dead and is alive again; it was lost and is found.

A LEAP IN THE SKY ASTOUNDING JUMP FROM A CHIMNEY

Remarkable Scene

COURAGE OF A STEEPLEJACK

No matter what his parents called him, every man who climbs steeples is Jack—Steeple Jack. Though Charles Dibdin may not have been thinking of him in writing his sailor-song, he is there, this little man of the skies, under the poet's promise of physical salvation:

There's a sweet little cherub that sits
up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

And Steeple Jack needs his cherub. Two of these men have been demolishing an old chimney in Manchester. Chimney-felling is done in two ways. When there is ample open space, a section of brickwork is cut out of the bottom and wood built in its place. When an opening sufficiently large is made and timbered up, the wooden beams are fired, and as they burn away the chimney topples down and the work is at an end.

The Chimney Cracks

The other way is the way the Manchester men had to adopt. There were buildings below, and they had to take the chimney down piecemeal as housebreakers take down old buildings.

But the condition of the chimney proved more dangerous than had been expected. The men, working up and down their ladders, had reduced the height to sixty feet, when there came an unnerving, crackling rumble, and the chimney split in halves.

The two men were on the top, one on the side which was about to fall, the other on the side which yet remained secure. The man on the threatened side was true to his race, quick to detect danger, and quicker to avert it. The chimney split in halves up the middle, and one half crashed down, while the other remained standing.

Like a Chamois

The imperilled man on the falling half made up his mind instantly what to do. With one glance he measured his distance, and, as the brickwork sank from beneath his feet, he sprang into mid-air and alighted beside his mate, on the standing side of the chimney!

The speed, the accuracy, the daring of the leap would have done credit to a chamois, which can bring all four of its tiny hoofs together on a five-shilling piece; but for their jumps chamois have a mountain for a foundation. This man had only a narrow half-circle of trembling masonry. Buildings below were crushed, and one man was killed and two badly injured, but Steeple Jack saved his life by his leap, safely balancing on the rim of brickwork to which his judgment and intrepidity carried him. It was an astounding achievement.

RARE LITTLE VISITOR

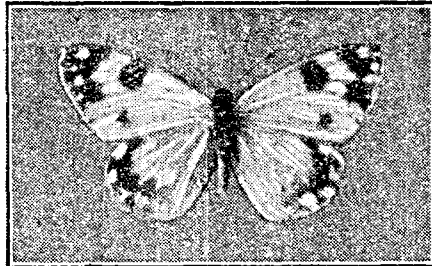
Where Did the Butterfly Come From?

OVERSEA TO LEICESTERSHIRE

By Our Natural Historian

One of our lady readers has had a rare visitor. On the evening of May 29 a little butterfly entered her room at Donisthorpe in Leicestershire, was caught, and proved to be that rarest of entomological treasures, a Bath White. We have but to recall that the records throughout all the nineteenth century in England show the capture of only 60 Bath Whites to realise the interest of this discovery.

Our correspondent is under the impression that her visitor, when caught,



The Bath White

had achieved the "farthest north" in our land, and our own hasty examination of records shows nothing better than parts of Cambridgeshire and Worcester, though Kent, the gateway from the sea by which these rare migrants enter, is comparatively rich in Bath White history. Leicestershire is indeed a high latitude for this butterfly, and the date of the capture is exceptionally early, due, no doubt, to the long spell of hot weather experienced in May.

Mystery of Insect Life

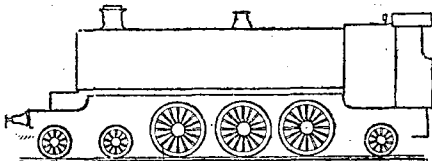
The Bath White is not a native of Bath. It flourishes in Japan; it teems in Northern Africa; but where it has been possible to watch the fate of eggs laid in this country by stray visitors, the conviction has been formed that our climate is unsuitable for the species. In one carefully recorded case of 33 eggs only two caterpillars reached the chrysalis stage, and one butterfly emerged, nine months later.

Bath White butterflies in this country, we may be certain, are generally migrants. How they can cross the sea is one of the challenging mysteries of insect life. They are slow, heavy fliers, and when over land they keep low and need frequent rests. How many that set out to over-leap the ocean must perish in the waves!

It may be worth while to mention that the July number of My Magazine has a rare and splendid collection of all our British butterflies in full colour—such a collection, in this shilling magazine, as cannot be bought elsewhere for less than six shillings.

What is a 4-6-2?

Do you know what a 4-6-2 locomotive is? The Whyte system is used all over the world today; and these three figures tell an engineer quite a lot about the size and type of an engine.



The little diagram represents a 4-6-2 engine, largely used for express passenger traffic on long lines. This locomotive has four "bogie" wheels in front, six large driving wheels coupled together, and two smaller carrying wheels at the back. The most powerful American engine for mountainous routes is a 4-8-2: o o o o o o o o, with eight huge driving wheels.

The Great Life of a Cowboy

HOW HE BECAME PRESIDENT OF AMERICA

The Boy Who Made Himself Strong in Spite of His Own Weakness

THE MOST AMERICAN AMERICAN FOR A HUNDRED YEARS

A Book Being Read Now

The Life of Roosevelt. By Hermann Hagedorn. (Harrap) 6s. net.

Since the death of Abraham Lincoln, more than half a century ago, America has only produced three world-famous men. They are Edison as an inventor, Theodore Roosevelt as a man of action, and now Woodrow Wilson as a thinking statesman.

Each of these three really great Americans is thoroughly American in character: Edison in his quenchless curiosity and trial of the new ideas rushing incessantly into a restless brain; and Wilson in his moral fervour seeking lofty purposes; but the most representative American of the three, and perhaps the most representative American who has ever lived, except Lincoln, was Theodore Roosevelt, who died at the opening of this year, and whose life has now been written by one who knew him well.

An Influence Felt Everywhere

If ninety-nine men in a hundred had been asked to pick out a word that would best describe Roosevelt, the word chosen would probably be "robust"; and yet this most robust American who has ever trod the stage of world-wide humanity, and made himself felt everywhere as a vitalising influence, came into life a weakling. The hardy rancher on the "bad lands" of the American West, the gallant soldier in Cuba, the vigorous civil servant, the reforming politician, the inflexible governor of a State, the whirlwind orator, the President who met mere titular kings as a natural king, the explorer and hunter in the out-of-the-way recesses of the earth, the writer who made all his experiences feed his pen, the man of action who wrote a dozen books and had half as many again written about him—this man was in his early boyhood a weakling among weaklings, and indeed right on into early manhood was, in every way, except in spirit, one of the least likely men in the world to do what Roosevelt did.

Born in a House Divided

Entering life with disadvantages that would have paralysed most youths, Roosevelt did great things because he determined to do them. When quite a boy he was struck by the thought that one might either pretend to be a hero or be one; and he meant to be one. He thought if he put himself where things were likely to happen they would happen, so he put himself there every time, and things *did* happen. Then he took advantage of them by sheer strength of will, whatever the danger or opposition might be. That sums up his spirit through boyhood and manhood.

If one goes far enough back Roosevelt's ancestry was Dutch on his father's side and Scottish on his mother's side. He may be said to have been born into the war between the Northern and Southern States. It ended when he was six, just old enough to know that his father was on one side and his mother on the other, for she was a Southerner.

Theodore was almost a chronic invalid; for years he could sleep only

when sitting. So delicate was he that he could not go to school. His quiet life at home naturally turned his mind to books, and he became a great reader and a teller of stories.

As soon as he began to mix with boys he found that the mischievous ones could "handle him like a kitten," so poor was his physique; and he set himself to build up his body.

At 15 he was still physically below the average, and decidedly timid, but he was determined that, whether he was brave or not, he would never allow himself to appear afraid, and before he entered as a student at Harvard University he was as active in body as in mind—an enthusiastic but not very successful athlete.

When he left Harvard his doctor told him he had heart trouble, and that he must take no violent exercise, never run upstairs, and should choose a profession that would not need physical exertion. Determined to overcome, and to prove the doctor wrong, he came to Europe and climbed the Matterhorn!

Hunter and Cowboy

Roosevelt now began to take part in the politics of the New York State, and at 23 was elected to the Assembly, and at 24 became the leader of his Party in that body. But his health continued bad, and, led by his craving for the life and adventure of the open-air, he set out to try hunting and ranching in the "bad lands" of Dakota. There he found adventurous men after his own heart, and, settling with them, he threw off his bodily ailments, grew strong, and broadened his view of life till the world began to accept him as a typical hunter and cowboy.

All the while he was writing for the American magazines, and when he came back to New York and political life, Roosevelt's rise was rapid. His great aim was to cleanse his country of the corruption that made politics a kind of dishonest game. The American people quickly recognised his sincerity and plainness.

Roosevelt the Reformer

He said clearly what others only hinted at. He went straight to the goal for which he was aiming. When he was made a Civil Service Commissioner, in the hope that he would sink into quietness as an official, he vigorously set about a reform of the service. Put over the New York police, he quickly purified the force so that it dared to carry out the law impartially. On the outbreak of the war with Spain he organised and commanded a regiment of rough-riders. When he was forty he was chosen Governor of New York State, and next year Vice-President of the United States. Before he was 43 he became President through the death of President McKinley, and he held the highest office his country could bestow for seven years.

During his Presidency and afterwards his daring spirit, which led him to speak his mind whatever the consequences might be, made him a vigorous figure on the world's stage.

WATER STANDING UP

MIRACLE OF EVERY DAY

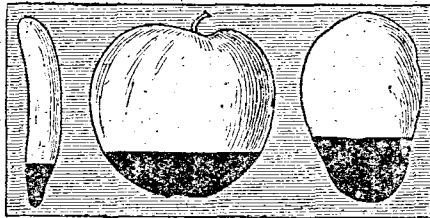
All the Human World is Four-Fifths Water

LIQUIDS THAT LOOK SOLID

In a law case about soap the other day an expert witness jocularly remarked that one sample bar of soap which he had examined was the nearest approach to a yard of water standing upright that he had ever seen. But we have around us many natural objects which challenge comparison with this.

We ourselves—men, women, and children—are over 80 per cent fluid! The lovely stalactite at which we marvel is the product of a stream of water charged with finely powdered limestone. The water has evaporated; the limestone has remained. The loofa, which we use in the bath, is only the remainder of a cucumber-like fruit from which water has been evaporated; and the cucumber itself is more fluid than flesh. In order to get the moisture it requires, it throws out miles of roots, all contained in a cubic yard of soil.

There is an enormous quantity of moisture in all plants. The percentage of water in a water-melon makes this fruit drink and meat to people in hot lands. How far their roots must travel in search of moisture! They find moisture in the soil, no matter where it is, and the water, changed in form, rises as sap with such force that it has been known to break a glass gauge. Grasses of the commonest kind carry up great



Nine-tenths of a cucumber, four-fifths of an apple, and three-quarters of a potato consist of water

stores of water, so that it froths out at their heads, and sap will burst from the young buds of trees.

Water taken from the soil helps to maintain the life of the plant. The root drinks; the leaves eat. If the water passes through a sugar-cell in the plant, it will issue in the flower as nectar, a bouquet spread for bees. Even the rose is largely fluid upright. Take the fluid from the bloom, and we have otto of roses. An orange, a grape, a pear—what are they all when drained of their juice?

But we need not confine ourselves to the vegetable kingdom, nor to 80-per-cent fluid man. Think of the jelly-fish and of that marvellously complex creature the Portuguese man of war. With all their myriads of stinging organisms, their digestive apparatus, their mental organs, what are they, when all is said? They are so largely made up of water that if left dry on a sunlit beach they vanish in an hour, leaving only a film to remind us that one of the greatest marvels of sea-life was there an hour or two before. E. A. B.

When the war broke out he urged incessantly that America must fight, and when his own offer to fight was refused, he exultantly sent his sons, one to death and two to wounds. His own end came suddenly, while his force of character remained unabated.

Then all the world admitted that no one in modern times had been such a complete epitome of American energy as this healthy-minded man, who had built up, out of a sickly childhood, by sheer force of will, a character which impressed itself on every civilised nation, and extended over human destiny the influence of his countrymen, who too often had been inclined to live to themselves. J. D.

A TROUBLED WORLD

Clouds That Gather About the Peace

NATIONS IN WAR & REVOLUTION

The Treaty is signed, but the storm of war has not wholly subsided. Though on the great waters the fierce tempest is stilled, the spent waves still break heavily in the remoter bays and gulfs.

Germany is at peace with her powerful antagonists, but thinks longingly of war with her Polish neighbours.

Austria waits, with a courteous patience, for the formal peace.

Turkey stands at the door pleading that she has been led into evil by wicked men, and asking to be forgiven.

THE SILENT TURK COMES TO THE BAR

Rich Empire That Has Passed From His Hands

The appearance of the Turks at the Peace Conference was one of the strangest features of the wonderful history through which we are living. The victors called them, and they came.

Till they came they had been curiously quiet. The smaller nations who have been in the war have been full of talk about their rights while the Conference has been sitting; but they, being chiefly Slavs, were naturally talkers. The Germans have talked much and long to suit their careful schemes. But the Turks, who have lost more than any other people, have said nothing.

way" (says the poor Turk) "let us speak the truth. Turkey had no quarrel with Western Europe. She had no reason for fighting. But she was misled by politicians who, without her knowledge, bound her to Germany. She has fought, and should not have fought; she is beaten, and admits it. Still worse, she has been cruel to Armenians and others, and that is quite wrong, and she is sorry. As she is not to blame, but has been misled and now is penitent, why can we not start talking from the point at which we were before the war? We are willing to consider if parts of

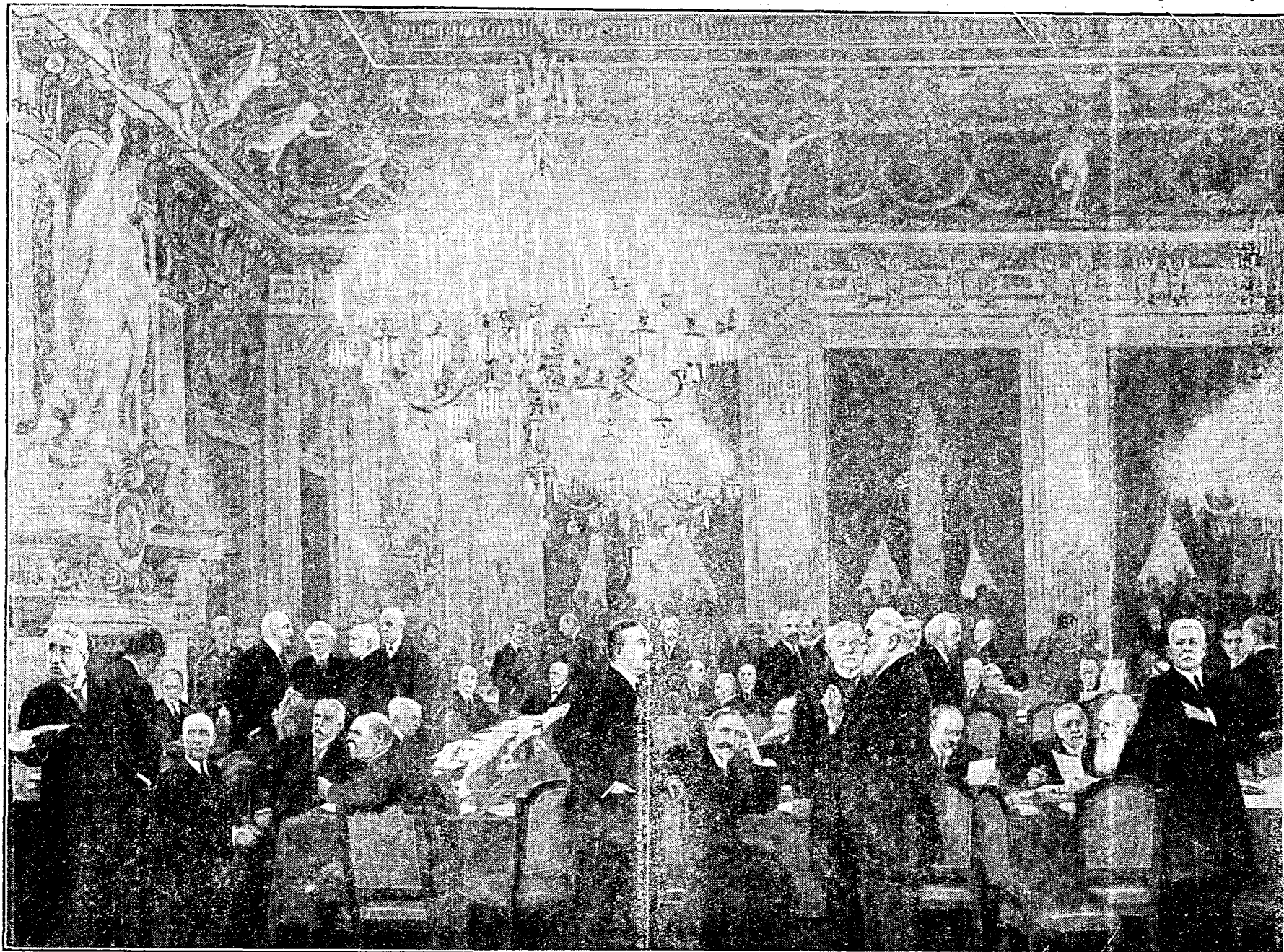
TOMORROW AS A GERMAN SEES IT

Germany Only a Spectator

The years ahead bring little comfort to a German now. One of them, a major in the German army, has been writing of the future of Europe as he sees it, and this is what he says:

Germany can be only a spectator of the future history of the world. Should she try to emerge for a moment, "a rattle of the French sabre, a single frown on the stern forehead of the League of Nations," and back she would creep to obscurity.

But France, though undisputed ruler of Europe, will be lord of a derelict Continent. The Peace has closed the chapter of Europe in history.



THE PEACE ROOM IN PARIS DURING THE DRAWING UP OF THE PEACE TREATY—DRAWN BY AN ARTIST WHO WAS THERE. THE "BIG FOUR" ARE NEAR THE FIREPLACE

The new countries formed from the losses of Germany, Austria, and Turkey, are all uncertain, jealous, and watchful, and keep their weapons by their sides.

All this has to be calmed down in further treaties, over which the League of Nations, it is hoped, will exercise a benevolent influence, drawing here the sting of bitterness, cooling there the heat of passion, and brightening elsewhere the gathering scowl of jealousy.

Meantime Russia remains confused, distracted, divided against itself, fighting for it knows not what, uncertain of its friends, a prey to clever rascality, a seething cauldron wherein war is always brewing.

Truly the Treaty-signing has not brought Peace. It has only taken some further steps on the way towards the true Peace—the Peace that is felt and not enforced.

Think of it! The great rivers and plains that slope to the Persian Gulf have passed from Turkish power. Chaldea, Babylonia, Assyria, Bagdad, Jerusalem, Damascus—they are all garrisoned by khaki-clad British and turbaned Hindoos.

The whole of the Arab-peopled East has rejected the Turk. In the North the tortured Armenian is freed; the Syrian in Southern Asia Minor. Men talk of the complete expulsion of the race as a governing power from Europe, and no speculation leaves Constantinople still in the Sultan's hands. But the Turk sits quiet and says nothing.

Then he is called to the Conference, and his voice is heard for the first time since calamity fell upon him, and this in effect is what he says. "In a simple

the Turkish Empire should be given up—as, for instance, Egypt to the British."

And so, with a calculating innocence, Turkey keeps her silence, pretending that what has happened in the Eastern war is really nothing except a mistake.

Not so, however, do the Western statesmen regard her self-chosen slavery to Germany, and the blighting character of her corrupt rule everywhere. Through M. Clemenceau, the French Prime Minister, the Allies have written telling Turkey in plain words of the blackness of her guilt, and the hopelessness of her future as a governing race. It seems likely that her delegates will sign what they are asked to sign, and then go away—dignified, submissive, but altogether unconvinced.

The land that has been so long the centre of the earth will become as desolate as Mesopotamia or Persia, and the population, decadent and hopeless, may perhaps remember its glorious past in song, but will no longer have power in the present, or an aim for the future.

England, America, and Japan will make the history of the world. War on land has had its day, and issues formerly settled on the battlefields of Europe will be decided on the high seas, while among the ruins of past glory "the hyena France mumbles the bones of dead Germany." The three Great Sea-Powers, each unassailable, will contemptuously leave armies to Europe as a sport for children.

Life is terrible for a defeated nation; it is more terrible still when defeat goes with disgrace.

A MAN LOST FIVE MILES HIGH

AIRMAN'S ADVENTURE

Falling Through a Blue Sky Into a Snowstorm

"GREAT WIND OF THE WORLD"

By our Aerial Correspondent

It is possible that a remarkable discovery has been made by Major Schroeder, a pilot of the American Army.

After taking various machines up to 23,000 feet, Major Schroeder resolved to try to break all records. He first reached 24,000 feet, then 27,000 feet, and finally 28,900 feet. Major Schroeder has since been excelled by Captain Lang in England and Lieutenant Casale in France; but the particulars of his ascent, which have only now been disclosed, contain a suggestion of far-reaching importance.

Major Schroeder ascended at 1.45 p.m. on September 18, 1918, at Dayton, in Ohio. With no companion to help him he climbed without an obstacle 25,000 feet, and there began to faint.

He thought the sun was growing dim, and he could scarcely hear the noise of his motor. As soon as he put the oxygen hose in his mouth the sun grew bright again, and the noise of the engine became deafening. The temperature was 25 degrees centigrade below zero, and his goggles were frosted over so that he could not see. At 27,000 feet he had to remove the goggles, and sit with his head down inside the cockpit to prevent the water in his eyes from freezing and blinding him.

A Double Catastrophe

He climbed for 105 minutes. The cold increased to 32 degrees below zero, and as he was nearing 29,000 feet he had a double catastrophe. His oxygen tubes were empty, and so was his petrol-tank!

He came down in a spiral, recovered his self-control at about 20,000 feet, sank through a floor of blue sky into clouds in which a snowstorm was raging, and, after gliding through the clouds, saw beneath him a rough and unknown country. He had the choice of a race-track, with two telephone wires stretching across it, a graveyard, and a hill pasture studded with trees. He landed on the pasture, broke his propeller, but did not hurt himself, and found a welcome in a farmhouse.

Now comes the strangest thing about his great adventure. He landed at Canton 200 miles eastward of Dayton. Yet he had been flying in a westerly direction for 125 minutes. The major's explanation is that at great heights there are very strong winds that revolve with the earth at a speed of more than 300 miles an hour. He thinks his machine drifted in a great easterly wind.

Wind Stronger than the Engines

Of course it is possible that when the major was overcome through lack of oxygen he lost his course and turned east, but he does not think so; he thinks, simply, that the wind was stronger than his engines. His suggestion is that air travel at 300 miles an hour is possible with great saving of fuel, by means of super-charged motors and variable pitch propellers. The machine would be constructed to climb into "the great wind of the world," and then drift eastward at a speed considerably more than 300 miles an hour. If this were possible the Atlantic could be crossed in less than seven hours. Professor McAdie, of Harvard University, calculates that the great eastern wind moves to a height of 50,000 feet, and that above it is the great western wind.

Major Schroeder is busy experimenting with superchargers for getting more power out of his engine, and with variable pitch propellers, and he hopes soon to break all height records again by reaching 35,000 feet. In the meantime, he is making remarkable trial flights, and perfecting his new mechanical and oxygen arrangements. E. W.

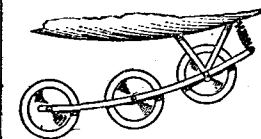
INVENTIONS & IDEAS

Things Just Patented

By our Patent Office Explorer

These inventions, being only just patented, are not yet available for the public, and the Editor has no further information about them.

TO DEADEN THE SHOCK OF LANDING IN AN AEROPLANE

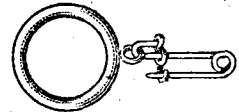


Three or more small wheels are arranged one behind another in a curved frame, which is pivoted about the axis of the front wheel, and has a spring acting on the front of the frame.

A POTATO PLANTER WITH FOUR PRONGS

The usual potato dibber, or planter, is simply a pointed rod with which to make a hole. This dibber has, in addition, four prongs, which loosen the soil all round where the potato will be planted.

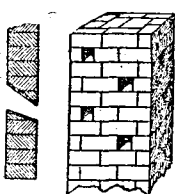
A NEW KIND OF CURTAIN PIN OR HOOK



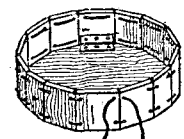
Instead of the point of the curtain pin fitting into a rigid clasp, in the usual way, it is held in position by an adjustable hook.

TO PREVENT SMOKY CHIMNEYS

The chimney stack is provided with one or more tapered openings in the side. A diagram of a section of one is shown here, as well as a view of the chimney.



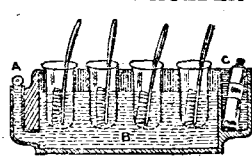
A COLLAPSIBLE BOX



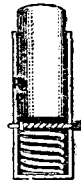
This box is made of slats hinged to a base and joined by a threaded string that is tightened when the box is to be used, and loosened when it is to be closed flat—for packing, for instance.

ANTISEPTIC TOOTHBRUSH HOLDER

A case with four or more receptacles for the brushes. At one end, A, is a pipe through which antiseptic liquid can be poured, and this goes into the tank B, rising through perforations in the receptacles to the brushes. A pocket, C, at the end, is a useful addition to hold a tube of tooth paste.



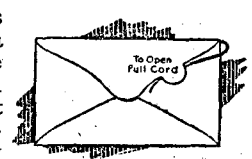
AN EVER-READY SHAVING STICK



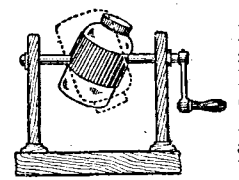
A small metal tube to hold a stick of shaving soap. By means of a spring in the bottom of the box, and a catch to regulate it, the soap is always kept at the right level for use, whether the stick happens to be long or short.

AN ENVELOPE OPENER

A small cord is secured beneath a flap or adhesive label, and when this is pulled it will cut the envelope neatly along the top.



A SMALL DOMESTIC CHURN



While butter has been scarce some housewives have collected the cream from their household milk and made it into butter by shaking in a bottle. This is a small framework into which a glass bottle can be placed and turned regularly, precisely in the same way as an ordinary churn.

STAR THAT HELPED THE AIRMEN

Vigorous Fires of Life in Vega

SUNS OF ALL AGES

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Gazing up in these summer evenings into the great blue vault above us, our eyes will notice a bright bluish star almost overhead. At about 10 o'clock, facing due south, this star will be found about as far to the left as the golden Arcturus is to the right. This is Vega, the star that helped Lieut. Brown and Captain Alcock to find their way across the Atlantic.

Vega is the great rival of Arcturus for the place of fourth-brightest star in the sky; its intense bluish white light is in great contrast to the yellow lustre of Arcturus, and many observers would consider it the brighter. Now, these two stars are not only in colour but in many other ways quite different; and as there is a great variety of stars in the heavens, a comparison of them will be of considerable interest.

Suns Young and Old

While our Sun is very similar to Arcturus, both in colour, in the elements comprising him, and in physical condition, Vega is very different from them both, being enveloped in a much larger gas-envelope, at an enormously higher temperature, and is in what astronomers describe as a more youthful state: the fires of life are burning brighter, more intensely and vigorously, in Vega than in our tranquil and middle-aged Sun and Arcturus.

But Vega, although so brilliant, is not nearly as large in itself as Arcturus. For one thing it is nearer to us than Arcturus—which is about two and a half times as far away; and a star with a yellow colour does not emit as much light in proportion to its size as the whiter light of Vega.

Judging the Age of Suns

Now, while the colour of a star is generally a very good indication of its age, an analysis of its light through the wonderful spectroscope is a sure indication of its age, condition, and whether it is approaching us or not; indeed, all we know of these great suns is obtained from their light, and the story conveyed to us over the vast abyss that separates us is just as real and certain as the narrative received by the wireless operator from a source 2000 miles away.

Some stars, as in the case of Aldibaran, have reached the "elderly" stage. These are the red stars, and though often giants in themselves are not so conspicuous in the sky. In myriads of others, the fires have so far died down that we cannot see them at all; we receive no light whatever from them, and their message is conveyed to us by proxy, for we find out much about them by the effect they have on the brilliant ones.

No Dead Suns

These, often called "dead" suns, are not really dead; there is no such thing as a dead sun, for a good collision between them would speedily rejuvenate both. Meanwhile, until something of the kind happens, they remain merely quiescent, still full of vast energies, flying through space with terrible speed, exerting unceasingly their enormous power of gravitation, which, as in the case of our own Moon, can raise the great tide-wave that everlastingly sweeps round our Earth.

Just as the so-called dead Moon exerts a very real influence over all our lives, so do these so-called dead, dark, unseen suns exercise an enormous power over their neighbours by imparting their energies, raising great tides upon them, and leading them into paths they would not otherwise follow. G. F. M.

WORLD MAP

FAMOUS FIGURES ON IT THIS WEEK

Two Immortals and a Scoundrel

MAN WHO BURNED ROME

A great artist, a great novelist, and a great scoundrel come into the map this week: Sir Joshua Reynolds, Thackeray, and Nero.

Reynolds

Sir Joshua Reynolds—the most famous of all English portrait-painters—was born in Devonshire 196 years ago.

He painted hundreds of pictures that are now history put on canvas, for they included many of the notable people of his age. He was particularly successful in catching and fixing the beauty and delicacy of children; and the charm of his colouring places him among the world's Great Masters. Though deaf, Reynolds loved good company, and he was one of the most lovable of men.

Thackeray

While Scott describes the kind of men of all periods, and Dickens the multitude of common and queer folks in whom he took a delight, Thackeray, better than any other, describes the kind of people known as Society.

Thackeray was a big man with a big heart, which he guarded by using a sharp pen tipped a little with bitterness; but no one was really kinder.

It is his longer stories, beginning with "Vanity Fair," that brought him fame. He died suddenly when he was fifty-two, and in full use of his growing powers.

Nero

The name of Nero, the Roman Emperor of 1855 years ago, is one of the most infamous in history. In July, in the year 64, two-thirds of Rome was burned to the ground by Nero's order, and tradition adds that he watched the terrible spectacle with delight, and recited poetry as an accompaniment. It is commonly said that he "fiddled while Rome was burning."

It might well be so, for he had a terrible record of cruel murders of his own family, including his own mother, which showed that he had no natural feeling, and he took advantage of the fire to rebuild the city with great magnificence to add to his own glory. But he shocked even the callous Romans, and to escape from their wrath he died by his own hand.

PLACES ON THE MAP

Arctic. The inhabitants of the Arctic Lowlands are now hunting and fishing, gathering stores for the winter.

Cherra Punji is the wettest place on earth. The usual July rainfall is 110 inches; London's for a year is 25 inches.

China. Destructive typhoons are occurring in the South China Sea.

Finland is to be a republic.

Fort Churchill is being developed as a summer port for Canadian wheat.

Marseilles is to be made the world's biggest port, with 21 miles of quays.

Newfoundland. Fogs are very dense here now. They are caused by the meeting of warm and cold air above the warm and cold Atlantic currents, and by icebergs chilling the moisture-laden air.

Nile. The Nile is still rising as a result of the summer rains.

Panama Canal routes are of increasing importance in the new world-trade.

West Indies. Destructive cyclones and typhoons are occurring here.

DUMP CARRIERS OF THE WORLD

The map shows how animals are used for transport all over the world: the camel in the desert, because its cushion-like feet do not sink in the sand, and it has the power of travelling longer than other animals without drinking; sure-footed mules and llamas on mountains; cattle and horses on grass-lands; reindeer and dogs in the Arctic where the food of the reindeer grows, and the dog has adapted itself to the severe climate.

THE MONSOON HAS BURST—WHAT A FOUR-WORD CABLE MEANS TO INDIA

The Raindrops that Ride on Specks of Dust and the Winds that Bring Them to the Thirsty Millions

The monsoon is broken! This message flashes under the sea by electric cable; the news is of such moment that they wire home when rain comes in India.

This year, after our own long drought, we can appreciate the immense importance of the life-giving rains that are falling in India. We have seen for ourselves, on a small scale, what rain and the absence of rain means to a land; but the difference is inestimably greater in India, where they have seasonal rains and seasonal hot periods.

The monsoons are the winds which blow from the south-west of the Indian Ocean from April to October, and from the opposite direction from October to April. It is the summer monsoon which gives life and health and wealth; the later monsoon is cool and dry. India has mountains from whose snow-clad

sides rivers flow, but she depends mainly for the water supply for her crops not upon her mountains, but upon far volcanoes, distant deserts, and "something in the wind."

Full of marvels is the story of the monsoon. Volcanoes throw out tiny particles of ash, which travel high in the air-currents. Deserts, lashed by winds, yield up their finely-ground dust to sail away on distant voyages; and these dust particles serve, at the appropriate moment, as carriers to bring water down to earth as rain. Every raindrop rides on a speck of dust.

But the dust cannot collect rain unless there be moisture enough in the winds. The winds are currents of air into which day and night there rises the vapour of the evaporating sea. Evaporation is rapid under torrid skies, and the wind

whirls the vapour, almost as light as air, along its unseen way. As the winds advance, warm and buoyant, they become chilled, either by the influence of mountains, or by meeting great bodies of cooler air in their course. They lose their volatility, become condensed into floating moisture, and in favourable circumstances they release the precious fluid in favour of the myriads and myriads of particles of dust floating in their track. And in that way the monsoon "breaks"; the air current condenses and yields up its rain.

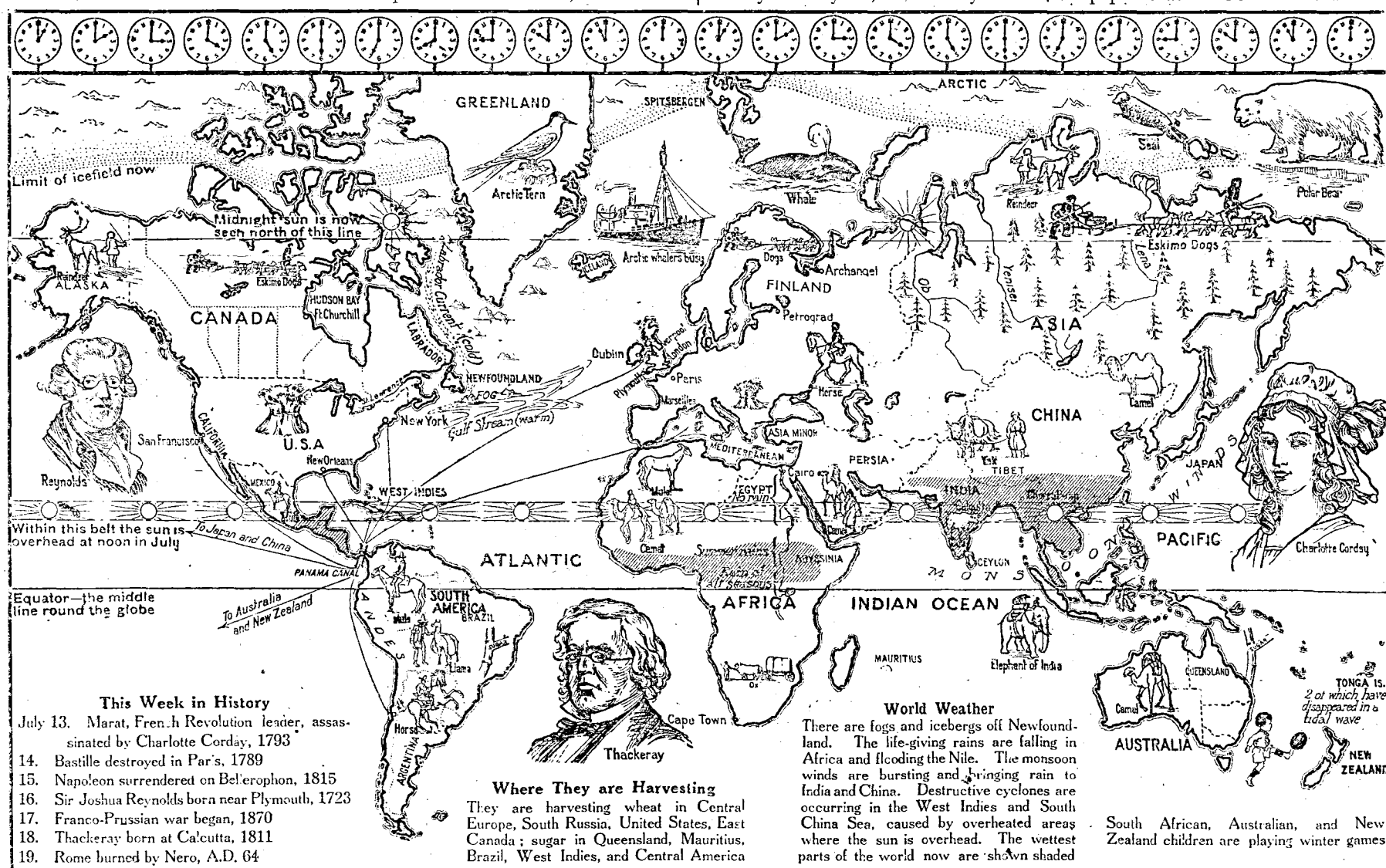
Until the rains fall India is a parched and dry land over a great part of its area, but when the rains fall the abounding fertility of the soil asserts its incredible power to hasten vegetation.

The character of the monsoon varies from year to year; there may be an

insufficiency of rain from the winds, and that means to India famine and the death of millions of human beings. All the world lives from hand to mouth, and in India, if the rains fail, the scorching sun dries up the crops.

Their rice and corn and millet and other foodstuffs wither and become mere stubble in the fields. There is nothing for them to eat. Their cattle perish; they themselves fall stricken as by plague. Under British rule enormous irrigation works have been carried out in India, but India is vast, and only the rains can reach the multitude; only the rains, the gift of Heaven, can maintain food for India. A bad monsoon is as fatal to India as war, but this year she rejoices in a good one.

That is what it means when we read in the papers that the monsoon has burst.



PICTURE NEWS AND TIME MAP OF THE WORLD, SHOWING NATURAL AND HISTORIC EVENTS, AND THE USES OF ANIMALS IN TRANSPORT

GREAT ATLAS SURPRISE · PICTURE-MAPS FOR SCHOOLS · HOW A MAP FOUND A NEW WORLD

We must all have maps, and now much more than ever, yet all the old atlases are wrong. But happily for us all a great new atlas is coming out with all the things put right. It is quite a surprise among atlases.

But why must we have maps? For one thing, they show the way from everywhere to everywhere; they help us to understand the life of the people. With maps we can take long rides about the world, following railways or seaways from place to place, and making imaginary calls on our neighbours.

We can have great games with maps; and what stories there are in them, too! Think of Hudson Bay and that pathetic tale of Henry Hudson turned adrift with his boy in a little boat that was never heard of again. Think of Raleigh and Cook and old Magellan, of Franklin

and Scott in the ice, of Wills and Burke in the bush: there never were such stories as are hidden in a map.

But it is not for stories that we turn to atlases: the work of the world could not be done without them. No boy can be much use unless he knows something of maps. He is sure to want to know some day where a river is, or where the railways go. It helps us all to be able to find our way on maps.

Once upon a time a Frenchman and an Englishman were searching for a world in the sky. They knew it was there, because another world was pulled aside by some mysterious influence, and the Frenchman and the Englishman worked it all out by arithmetic, and reported what they thought was happening. The whole universe moves to order, and at a certain hour on a certain

day in a certain place in the sky, said these men, an unknown world would be passing a certain point. They told the observatories to look out for it.

But who, do you think, saw this world first? It had been worked out by arithmetic in England and France, but we had no maps of that part of the sky, and the Germans had, and it was a German in Berlin who first saw this new world—the planet we call Neptune. So that the Englishman and the Frenchman lost the first sight of the world they found because they had no maps.

Now we must all have maps and plenty of them, and the Children's Newspaper is very glad to see the clever and wonderful atlas now coming out. There never was an atlas like it. It has 400 maps with 400,000 names drawn in by hand; it has all the latest facts about

nearly 40,000 places; but what is so very good and surprising about it is not only these maps in many colours, but the thousands of pictures on the backs of them. In every other atlas the back is just blank paper, but here, if you look up Bombay and then turn over, you find a picture of Bombay on the back, with just the things you want to know about it.

So that this is quite a children's atlas, and it is coming out in such a way that everybody can afford it. You can buy it in fortnightly parts at 10d. each, and it is called Harmsworth's New Atlas.

We are growing up to rule the world, and we must understand it, and this great book of maps, quite like a Joseph's coat with their many colours, is a good beginning. There is just time yet to get Parts 1 and 2. They lie side by side on the bookstall with this paper.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 12 1919

The Nelson Touch

Many of us have stood close to Nelson down in St. Paul's, but who has touched him standing on his Column in Trafalgar Square?

One man certainly—perhaps two. They have been fixing golden ladders to the column for the Victory Loan, and up these workmen climbed.

It was interesting to see the ladders reaching to the top, but what we like to think about is the Nelson Touch—the man who first went up and touched the Admiral. The old seaman must have been surprised, and we can fancy hearing him complain of all his years of loneliness up there.

The last time we heard of his coming down was when the war broke out, when, in some hour that never was, a poet named Dudley Clark was walking in Trafalgar Square and saw two dim, strange figures there. One was Nelson and the other was Drake, and the poet strained his eyes and ears in wonder and surprise. And the next morning he wrote to the Times to tell us all about it, and this is what he says they said. Drake is speaking first and then Nelson is asking questions and Drake is making the replies.

Come, tumble up, Lord Nelson, the British Fleet's a-loom!

Come, show a leg, Lord Nelson, the guns they are a-booming!

'Tis a longish line of battle—such as we did never see;

An' 'tis not the same old round-shot as was fired by you an' me!

What seest thou, Sir Francis?

Strange things I see appearing!

What hearest thou, Sir Francis?

Strange sounds I do be hearing!

They are fighting in the heavens;

they're at war beneath the sea!

Ay, their ways are mighty different from the ways o' you an' me!

Seest thou nought else, Sir Francis?

I see great lights a-seeking!

Hearest thou nought else, Sir Francis?

I hear thin wires a-speaking!

Three leagues that shot hath carried!

God, that such could ever be!

There's no mortal doubt, Lord Nelson, they ha' done wi' you an' me!

Look thou again, Sir Francis! I see

the flags a-flapping!

Hearken once more, Sir Francis!

I hear the sticks a-tapping!

'Tis a sight that calls me thither!

'Tis a sound that bids me "Come!"

'Tis the old Trafalgar signal!

'Tis the beating of my drum!

Art thou ready, good Sir Francis?

See, they wait upon the quay!

Praise be to God, Lord Nelson, they

ha' thought of you an' me!

Well, it is over now, the five terrible years have gone, and how thrilled our Nelson would be when this workman touched him, whispering Victory!

If you listen hard as you pass Trafalgar Square, and stand perfectly still near the foot of the Column, waiting till the buses have stopped, and the policeman has gone, and the lions are perfectly still, and not even a speck of dust is blowing about, and Charles the First across the way is as still as the grave—just then, if you strain your ears and listen hard, you can almost hear Lord Nelson calling out across the Square these thrilling words:

Nelson thanks God that every man this day has done his duty!



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



All Clear!

Would it not be well if our "All Clear" boys could go through London on the night of August 4, sounding their bugles once again?

Bravo, little bugle boys,

Gallant little shipahoy,

Riding on with firm endurance

Down the city's troubled highways,

Through the terror-haunted byways,

With your message of assurance

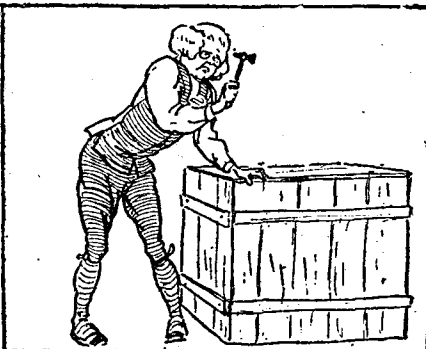
Gaily sounded, good to hear:

Give the bugle boys a cheer—

All clear! All clear!

JOSEPH WHITTAKER

Proverb of the Day



To those in charge of Peace Problems
Hit the Nail on the Head

Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.

Norman Macleod

The Age of Innocence

How little we know of the world at our doors! A boy who has been working three months almost in the shadow of St. Paul's asked a friend the other day, "Where is Ludgate Hill?"

Hard on Carlyle

SOMEBODY has been telling that good story of Carlyle and his sound-proof room in Chelsea. He built it on the top of his house, with no window but a skylight, and there he would sit writing, writing, writing. One day an old friend came, and Carlyle proudly showed him his top room. "My conscience, this is fine!" said the old gentleman from Craigenputtock. "Here ye may write and study all the rest of yer life, and nobody be a bit the wiser."

God bless our native land:
May His protecting hand
Still guard our shore:
May Peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's rights depend
On war no more.

Growing Fast

WE were surprised to read in the solemn Times the other day that Mr. Raffety, a candidate for Parliament, was 44; the paragraph said just that and nothing more. But we were astonished to read in another paper the next day that Mr. Raffety was 92. Mr. Raffety's age seems to be a matter of some concern, and no wonder. He seems to be growing fast, and we dread to think how old he may be in the morning.

A Major's Wife

THAT is a beautiful tribute paid by a major to his wife. The major was killed in France with the Americans, and when his will was opened his wife read these beautiful words concerning herself: "My wife, in my estimation, is the most perfect woman I ever saw, heard of, or knew of. She is endowed with marvellous courage, a very strong will, an intensely high ideal of honour. Our love never at any time diminished, but has grown always. I am the richest of men in that I am blessed with the truest and most honourable and loving wife in the world."

Never, wrote the major, had he broken his promise to his wife, never had he told her a falsehood, except such as was necessary to buy her presents to surprise and cheer her.

Tip-Cat

LORD HALDANE knows "first-rate men who never got into office because they could not talk." Yet a good many dummies do manage to get in.

Is this the world's last year? a superstitious man asks. No, last year was.

Off the top: the German fleet.

The Woking policeman who assured the magistrate that his foot is a foot in length must be a man of considerable standing.

Time to play golf: tee-time.

"One has one's honour, you know," the ex-Crown Prince has been protesting to an interviewer. Who has got Little Willie's?

PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW
If, now that Peace is signed, the Germans will be re-signed
They say the Kaiser is eating his heart out.
He must be biting granite.



The Pipe of Peace

A Child's Prayer for Cheerful Looks

I thank Thee, O Lord, for letting me be born into a world full of beautiful and interesting things.

Help me to notice them with a grateful heart, and to praise Thee for them with cheerful looks.

Charles Kingsley's Voice

WHAT would a boy not give to have heard Charles Kingsley's voice! Somebody who heard it has been writing to the Times, recalling an experience in which "his great voice echoes down the years."

There was a house-warming party at the writer's old home, and the writer, as a very little boy, was threading his way among the legs of the throng of visitors, when everybody was startled by hearing a voice say: "There's one thing I consider more beautiful than anything else in the world."

It was a very loud voice, and everybody else stopped talking, wondering what the lovely thing could be, so that in the silence you could have heard a pin drop; and then the silence was broken by that same voice of Charles Kingsley saying "My wife's eyes!"

As everybody turned to look at Mrs. Kingsley, the poor lady seemed ready to drop. But we have no doubt she forgave her admiring husband.



Uncle Sam: My word, Woodrow, how you have grown

Mr. Wilson Home Again

The Poor Solicitor

SOLICITORS will have to be careful. They cannot use the Great War any more to make their eloquence. Here is an extract from a police report:

Solicitor: Now that Peace is to be signed in a few hours, I ask you not to convict, so that in years to come, when his children and grandchildren ask what he did in the Great War, he need not say, "I was fined for selling new bread."

Police officer, quietly: The baker has no children.

Solicitor: You have spoilt my appeal.

It was a great pity, but everything goes wrong where there are no children.

The Nation's Railways

IT is time that those who believe in education persuaded the Government to believe in it a little more. The master of a school in Tunbridge Wells writes to the Children's Newspaper pleading for help to send 20 bright boys on an educational trip to London. They cannot afford the high fares, and the railway authorities have apparently no sympathy with educational movements. There are no special trains to help our people to bring back their lost strength, or to help the training of our boys and girls; and the Government's answer always is that it has no trains to spare. If that is so it is a shame and a pity and a disgrace that the Government can find special trains to run to race meetings whenever a race meeting wants one. Write and ask your M.P. what it means.

AN AMAZING DAY

The Tremendous Effort that Won the War

MORE SHELLS FIRED IN A DAY THAN IN ALL THE BOER WAR

From some amazing figures officially given to Parliament it transpires that there was one day of the war last year when our armies fired more shells than through all the Boer War.

Altogether two hundred million rounds of shell were made for the British armies during the war. The army had 456 guns when war broke out; we made 26,430. We made nearly 250,000 machine guns. When war began we had 100 aeroplanes; when it ended we were making 1000 a week.

When the Germans came on last year in their last great offensive we lost 1000 guns, 70,000 tons of shell, 4000 machine guns, 200,000 rifles, 250,000,000 rounds of small ammunition, 700 trench mortars, 200 tanks. *It was all replaced in a fortnight.*

But the great day was in the last British offensive, when we used in one week 3,500,000 rounds of gun ammunition, and in one day fired 943,000 shells—a weight of 40,000 tons. That was a greater number, fired in 24 hours, than was fired in the whole four years of the South African War. Our guns were firing every hour of that day nearly as much ammunition as was made in a year before the war.

THE BULLY WHO BEGAN THE WAR

Amazing Change of Fortune

SERBIA GREATER THAN AUSTRIA

The war began with the bullying of little Serbia by the Austrian Empire; it ends with Serbia greater than Austria.

Austria, with her 47 million people, began the Great War to crush little Serbia with her three and a half million people; and at one time it seemed as if she had succeeded, for her troops swept the whole country. But the end of it all is that Serbia will have more people than Austria, whose population will have shrunk to something like seven millions, while the population of Serbia will have risen to more than that number.

This enlargement of Serbia is not caused by conquests, but by large numbers of people of the Slav race, who have been living under Austria, choosing to join the Serbs and place themselves under King Peter. Thus Bosnians, Herzegovinians, Montenegrins, Croats, Dalmatians, and Slovenes have agreed to form one country, and that not a republic, but the Kingdom of Greater Serbia, and so the State which the newspapers have called Jugo-Slavia, or South Slavia, is really an extension of Serbia.

By the war planned for its destruction, Serbia sees the Serbian race in all the surrounding countries freed and united.

ROGER BAVOUX, PATRIOT

Little Winner of the War Cross

The French, who are lovers of every form of heroism, have decorated with their War Cross a small boy living in the Jura Mountains. He is eight now, but was not four when he won the Cross.

When the Germans appeared in his village all the other children ran away; but Roger would not run, and when the enemy came up he would not say "Good day" to them, because, said he, "they were Prussians." Presently, when the French retook the village, Roger ran to welcome them, calling "Here come the French!" The victorious regiment enrolled him as one of themselves, and now he has the Cross. And well the little fellow deserved it, for what more could he have done? The French felt he had in him the spirit which makes their country great.

TOAD IN A COFFEE-POT—HOW DID IT LIVE THERE?

Our Natural Historian's article on toads encourages a Cheshire reader to send us a story of an experiment which he made when he was a boy of 13.

Reading a story of a toad being found in the cracked stonework surrounding a window, he placed a toad in a coffee-pot and buried both in the earth. Soon afterwards he went to London and stayed there for over three years, forgetting all about his prisoner. When he returned to his home he was set to dig in the garden to plant potatoes, and came upon the forgotten coffee-pot. Opening it, he found the toad still inside, apparently none the worse for its long confinement. At any rate, it was able to hop away.

Obviously, our correspondent infers that for over three years his toad fattened on nothing. But think for a moment. The soil teems with various forms of life, insects, grubs, worms, slugs.

A slight sinkage in the soil would allow the lid of the inverted coffee-pot to open, and the spout would remain a right of way in any case. Various life-forms would be certain to make their way in, and so form meals for the prisoner.

Human beings, kept in a steady temperature and in such conditions as to require no bodily exertion, can live a month without food; sheep have come alive out of snowdrifts after a month's imprisonment; frogs and toads remain foodless each winter. Naturally, then, quite a small quantity of food would keep the coffee-potted toad alive and lusty for three years.

The point is that the toad did not fast all that time. There was opportunity for it to feed, and we may depend upon it that it did feed. One thing is certain. *Absolute abstinence from food kills a toad in far less than three years.*

THE BULLY MEETS STERN JUSTICE



The war was started by Austria's bullying of little Serbia; it ends with Serbia bigger than Austria, and Serbia, we all hope, burying for ever the hatchet of war

A SURPRISE ABOUT EXPLOSIVES

Tremendous Power in Coal

Lord Moulton, lecturing at Cambridge, said that an explosive was nothing more than a combustible substance that could burn rapidly without needing to be in communication with the outside air. People seemed to think that an explosive was endowed with secret stores of power not possessed by other bodies, but there would never be an explosive which could give out as much energy as an equal weight of coal or petroleum.

Nitro-glycerine, the first of our most violent explosives, could not generate one-sixth of the power given by the combustion of an equal weight of good coal. The difference was merely that the coal needed the oxygen of the air for its combustion, while the nitro-glycerine found the oxygen within itself. An explosive could burn within closed walls, and the hot gases generated, having many hundreds or thousand times the volume of the explosive itself, gave the sudden pressure which burst the walls or drove the projectile from the gun.

STEEL CAGE FOR FIRE ESCAPE

Invention That Will Save Life

For many years we have all admired the firemen who climb up to rooms at the top of burning houses and carry down people overcome by smoke or fright. With the development of the motor fire-engine, the work of these brave firemen is becoming easier.

A new fire-fighting tractor has a giant ladder with a telescopic arrangement folding into small size when not in use.

When fully extended, a strong cable runs beneath the steel ladder, and connects with a cable drum on the tractor. To the other end of the cable is fixed a large cage of steel, which is hauled up to the windows of a burning house by means of a pulley at the top of the ladder. Four people can be gently lowered in this cage at every trip; or firemen can mount in it to direct rescue work or explore the tops of houses.

The new rescue cage, with the cable and telescopic steel ladder, forms a sort of transportable lift, that can be carried and brought into rapid operation.

MINISTRY OF HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

GREAT STEP FORWARD

How to Save a Thousand Lives a Week

OUR NEW HEALTH STATESMAN

The Ministry of Health has come at last. The best friends of the nation have been calling for it for years, but it has been delayed by the jealousy of Government Departments, which Lord Rhondda said was worse than Herod.

The health of the nation has hitherto been left to 21 departments, with the result that this most vital of all national interests has been grossly neglected.

Slums have grown up that are a disgrace to the country; local authorities have often failed in their duty in a shameful way; and in the last generation at least a million little children have died who might have lived if we had had a proper Ministry of Health. Now it has come, and there is no question at all that it has the power to save a thousand lives a week.

A Healthier Race

The Ministry has been planned by Dr. Addison, M.P., and he will be the first Minister of Health.

Dr. Addison was a distinguished professor, lecturing to medical students and doctors till about ten years ago, when he entered Parliament. There he soon began to be chosen for any work that needed thoughtfulness and energy without fuss, but at last he comes back, respected and liked by everybody, to do what he has been preparing himself to do by thirty years of study, experiment, and wide knowledge of life. It is his great task to make the people of Great Britain a healthier race.

How can it be done? That is the question Dr. Addison has to answer, and then to do it. No man knows better than he how it can be done, and in his quiet way, which never stops or looks back, no man can do it more surely.

The Right Man

For the first time, everything that relates to health is being placed under one public Ministry, with one man at its head, and he the right man.

Take the children, whose health is one of the greatest national responsibilities, for they are the men and women of the future, the citizens who will be Great Britain. Their health in the past has been cared for to some extent by the Board of Education; but the Board has had that duty for less than twenty years, and in many places has allowed it to pass into the hands of committees which have done next to nothing. Now the Ministry of Health will know what to do and will do it.

Or take the homes of Great Britain, where the race is reared. To no people on earth does the word home mean so much, yet millions of the houses in which our people live are crowded and unhealthy, and the Local Government Board, under which housing has been placed, has altogether failed to provide a remedy. Now the question of healthy dwellings for all in town and country will be treated as a matter of health.

Some of Its Problems

Then there are all the problems arising from care for infant life, the treatment of the crippled and hopelessly ill, the arrangements under which doctors and nurses can help in institutions and private homes, the insurance of all against the effects of illness, and the providing of such general conditions of health in public drainage and in the treatment of disease, as will remove suffering and make life a joy.

In short, everything that is summed up by health, and its overflow of happiness, is placed under the direct care of this great and practical new Ministry. This is politics indeed, brought in to every fireside, and one day to be felt through every fibre of a finer race.

THE KINEMA Savage Chieftain Making Trouble

WHO HAS A BABY KANGAROO?

By Our Kinematograph Correspondent

According to a newspaper cable the "Big Numbers" tribe and their chief, Nagapate, who is now being seen in the famous "Cannibal" film, have again been on the warpath. They are reported to have captured several white men, two of whom are said to have been killed. An Australian warship has been despatched to punish these bloodthirsty blackguards. We give a photograph of Nagapate on our front page.

Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson are already on their way back to the South Pacific Islands. This time they are taking with their kinema cameras a number of microscopic lenses, with which they intend to photograph the insects, birds, and flowers of the island. They also propose to pay a second visit to Nagapate, if he is still at large, and to show him his shadow-self in the films.

UNIVERSITY FILMS

The University of Wisconsin, U.S.A., not only buys and hires hundreds of films and thousands of slides, but also produces films of its own.

FILM WAITING FOR A KANGAROO

Does anybody know a little baby kangaroo that would like to act for the pictures? The production of an English kinema play has been brought to a stop for want of one. The producer has advertised all over the country without success, but, although he has been offered hundreds of kittens, puppies and other small animals, he refuses to use a substitute.

KINEMA FILMS FROM THE AIR

A new film company has been formed to show us what the world looks like from the skies. An aeroplane, this firm declares, is a splendid place from which to take kinema pictures of important public events.

The company, which has its headquarters at the London Aerodrome, will also provide film producers with facilities for the introduction of aviation scenes in their plays. Thrilling "crashes" and other aerial accidents will be arranged to order by experts.

New Films Coming on

The Editor urges his readers not to patronise picture palaces where vulgar plays are exhibited

LITTLE WOMEN

Every boy and girl who has read Louisa M. Alcott's ever-popular book "Little Women" will be interested to see Meg, Amy, Beth, and Jo brought vividly to life in the Famous-Lasky film version of the story. You could not find a more delightful family with which to spend an hour; and everyone who has made the acquaintance of these four happy, plucky, good-natured sisters in the novel will want to visit them in their pretty American home with the help of this picture.

THE ORPHANS

Although she is perpetually in trouble with gruff old Moxley, the master of Elmwood Orphanage, little Corinne is the darling of all the other orphans. Moxley is deservedly unpopular, and when Corinne stealthily clips his beard to make a wig for her disreputable but adored doll, she is hailed with delight as a heroine. One day Corinne's great friend, Maggie, is adopted by some wealthy people who have no baby of their own. Corinne's small heart is nearly broken by the separation, while Maggie grieves until she is quite ill. The two children are made happy again, however, by Maggie's kind foster-parents agreeing to take them both. "Corinne, Come Here" is the title of the pretty Pathé picture in which this story is told.

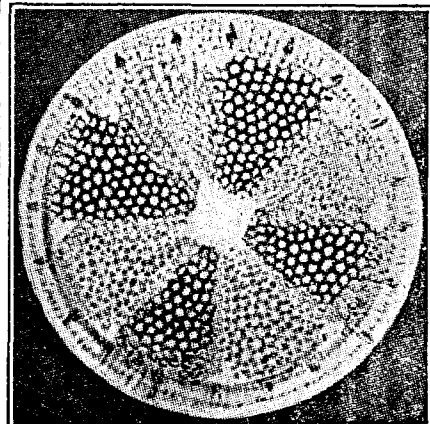
L. Y.

WHO WON THE WAR? How the Flowers and the Microscope Helped

SHERLOCK HOLMES, BOTANIST

The clever Sherlock Holmes was said to be able to guess where his visitors had come from by examining the mud on their boots, which told him the kind of roads—clayey, sandy, or gravelly—on which they had been walking.

But, fact being quite as strange as fiction, this method of discovering where a man had been was much improved upon during the war, if we may believe a story from one of the American scientific papers. A man who was suspected of being a spy was arrested in a certain camp, and accounted for himself by saying that he had come



A diatom photographed under the microscope. It is actually the size of a pin-point

from another part of the line with a message, the ordinary means of communication having broken down.

He was not believed, but to make sure the Staff botanist was sent for, and he took samples from the mud on the man's boots, and even from the dirt which was plentiful on his fingers. All these were examined in the microscope, and from them certain moulds and diatoms were identified. These were then seen to be a kind of ground vegetation which did not belong to the district where the man said he had come from. Then they sent for the botanical maps on which were marked out the kind of ground vegetation, botanically named the diatomaceous flora, belonging to various regions. They found positively from these charts that this man must have come from a region in the enemy's lines.

In the end he was proved a spy and suffered a spy's fate, and this was only one of many ways in which botany helped to win the war. E. S. C.

A MOTOR-CAR FROM A RUBBISH HEAP

We are promised a motor-car built from a rubbish heap and sold for £50.

There will be hardly any wood in it; it will be made almost entirely of a sort of concrete—light, but strong and enduring—produced from waste material, such as slag, clinkers, sawdust, and so on, covered with a metal solution.

It is owing to the abundance of waste materials of this kind—a product of the war—and also to new methods of construction, by which the parts of one car will be sent out each in one piece, that it is hoped to sell the car so cheaply.

AWKWARD FOR THE BOY

A vigorous old gentleman writes urging on the campaign against rats, and telling of a feat in which he shared.

The scene of the hunt was a brick-built barn, where the fodder was removed a forkful at a time, so that the rats stayed undisturbed until they were quite exposed. Then in a quarter of an hour the party killed 200 of the rats. The hunters were exhausted by their efforts, and rested silent and breathless until suddenly a farm lad cried, "There's a rat up my breeches! There's a rat up my breeches!" "All right," said the keeper quietly, "let me put a ferret up after it!"

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Finland is to be an independent republic.

There are 200,000 fewer men in the British building trade than before the war.

The price of an egg under the Bolsheviks in Moscow is now 16 shillings.

As a train was passing through Colchester a small boy fell out, but was not much hurt.

Mr. Selfridge has been flying to business, and he kept appointments on the same day in England, Ireland, and Wales.

A banker mentions that he has lately known £100 to be paid by one person for cut flowers in one week.

Belgian manufacturers claim that the war damage by Germans to Belgian industries amounted to 341 million pounds.

British Guiana produces 100,000 tons of sugar a year, but could produce 2,000,000 tons if it had more labour and machinery. A deputation is asking the British Government for help.

Poor Baby

A child of three was put in a train labelled, "To Rugby Station, to be called for;" but it was not called for, and had to be kept in the workhouse.

Paying a Bill

The roundabout way of doing Government business is illustrated by the paying of a bill for 7s. 11d. Seven notices had to be written about it, signed by seven people, and the bill travelled round a Government office for six months before it was settled.

Why They Were Called Tanks

There have been many stories of why the tanks were called tanks. It was said that this kind of vehicle was first invented by a man named Tank, and many other roundabout explanations were offered. But the true reason has now been stated by an unquestionable authority, who declared that the name grew up when the tanks were first made because it was thought they were being manufactured to carry water for our troops in Egypt.

THE BLOT OF INK ON YOUR BOOK

Why does the blot of ink dry up if you leave your book open? My Magazine this month explains it. Ink is made up of tiny drops of water with black matter between, and on the paper the drops increase like soap bubbles and rise in the air as vapour till all have gone, and only the dark stains are left.

THE NERVOUS V.C.

We like Lieutenant Johnson, the first Newcastle man to win the V.C. The local infirmary where he used to be on the staff has been very kind to him, and he seems to have been quite nervous in acknowledging it all. He would rather run through a barrage of shells, he said, than run again through such a barrage of kindness.

LITTLE JOHN AND HIS PARACHUTE

There is no end to the good things in the new number of My Magazine.

One of them is a story of a little boy of five who reached over the parapet of a ruined abbey in Dorset, and fell sixty feet to the ground. The terrified nurse flew down the steps to pick up his battered body, but little John was picking daisies on the lawn. He had floated with his nankeen petticoat like a parachute, and he lived to be High Sheriff of Dorset.

Here beginneth the second story. He gave a library of books as a thank-offering for his escape, and one day the vicar took them home and his servants tore out their pages and used them for curl-papers.

DO BIRDS SYMPATHISE?

The Magpie and the Rook

Following our examples of animal intelligence and sympathy, a correspondent sends us what he calls "a story of real disinterested friendship and grief on the part of a magpie."

Two rooks were seen hopping about the lowest branches of a large elm-tree in Streatham, in the top of which were several nests. Their cawing and motions were evident signs of distress. A search below the tree showed that a young rook had fallen from a nest above, and was lying on the ground crippled.

The old birds did not seem to know what to do, but their noise brought a magpie on the scene, and every day from the middle of May till the end of last July the magpie watched over and fed the disabled fledgling.

When the young bird had improved sufficiently to scramble among the bushes, a cat tried one day to climb up after it; but the magpie, which happened to be near, attacked the cat fiercely, and drove it away by flapping it with its wings and viciously stabbing at it with its beak.

Some days later the young rook was found dead, and while a hole was being dug in which to bury it the magpie appeared, dashed about the garden in a most excited way, circled about the head of the gravedigger, and even touched him with its wings. When the burial was completed the bird flew away, and has not been seen since.

The whole incident, described by our correspondent with careful accuracy from personal observation, seems surprisingly like a case of genuine sympathy with a bird of another breed.

July 15—My Magazine is out today



This is a time-table of the day when My Magazine, Mother of the C.N., comes home.

- 9 a.m. Grandpa finds it on the breakfast-table and skims it over for two hours.
11. Auntie opens it and keeps it till lunch.
- 2 p.m. Grandma finds it, and simply cannot fall asleep.
3. "Admirable for the kiddies," says uncle, and peeps at it for two hours.
5. Mother looks through it and lets the tea get cold.
6. Kitty picks it up, and is happy, when—father comes home. "Ah! My Magazine! Kitty and Tommy, on with your lessons!" He reads till eight.
8. Tommy and Kitty: "Daddy, do you know that is our magazine?"
- Daddy: "Too late now, children. It would keep you awake all night."

Tommy and Kitty get up early next morning, quietly abstract it from under daddy's pillow, and are perfectly happy at last. My Magazine lies on the bookstall side by side with this paper.

A halfpenny stamp will take this paper to any child in the world

THE BIRD THAT CATCHES 10,000 MICE

A Friend of the Farmer

KESTREL'S MARVELLOUS EYE

By Our Country Correspondent

The young kestrels are now fledged, and in their warm, brown plumage they resemble their mother, though later the males will put on a bright chestnut coat, adorned with a handsome, black-barred tail.

The kestrel is the most common of all our British birds of prey, and, with the single exception of the brown owl, is probably the most useful—though the ignorant gamekeeper is always on the look-out to kill anything in the nature of a hawk. He makes no distinction, and overlooks the fact that the kestrel's diet is almost exclusively mice and voles, though it varies this with other injurious creatures, such as caterpillars. It is said that a single kestrel, during its stay in this country, will destroy as many as ten thousand mice, so that the farmer has no better friend.

A Winged Hunter

Watch a kestrel on the look-out for prey; it is a sight worth seeing. It hovers in the air several hundred feet above the ground, watching with its keen eye for any movement among the vegetation. If a mouse but stirs, the kestrel swoops down, and with a stroke of its talons kills the animal. Men of science are amazed at the wonder of the kestrel's eye, for not only is its vision acute almost beyond belief, but, as it swoops down, the eye changes its focus momentarily with perfect accuracy, so that it never loses sight of its quarry.

The wren's second brood is fledged, but the reed-bunting is only now laying its second clutch of eggs. The concert of the countryside is decidedly abating as summer advances, and among those birds whose song is now ceasing are the blackbird and whitethroat and the song thrush, whose family duties are nearing completion.

The Nest in the Grass

The leverets, or young hares, have left their parents and are looking after themselves; but it is sad every now and again, when on a country walk at this time of year, to come across a dead leveret lying where the murderous stoat caught it and did its fell work. The hares and rabbits have no bitterer enemy than the stoat.

Look out for a field-vole's nest concealed among the grass. If you find one with from four to six young in it you will have seen a pretty sight. The creatures, which are also known as short-tailed field-mice, are very mischievous, feeding upon the ripe grain even more ravenously than the harvest-mice. They also burrow into the ground and steal the seed, so that the farmer has every reason to let the kestrel live to keep down this plague.

The Caterpillar's Trick

Insects are becoming far more manifest on account of their numbers. The drinker moth, dark arches, barred lackey, and V-moths are all to be seen; and the country is certainly the more attractive for the flying of the dark-green fritillary, large heath, and chalkhill blue butterflies, which you should watch for. The caterpillar of the poplar grey moth may be seen curled up on a poplar leaf—probably in order to look as little like a caterpillar as possible, and so deceive its enemies.

Gooseberries are ripe, and wild flowers more abundant and varied than ever. The fresh ones include centaury, traveller's joy, white poppy, hedge parsley, spear thistle, eyebright, hemp nettle, small teasel, bur-reed, water parsnip, and marsh woundwort.

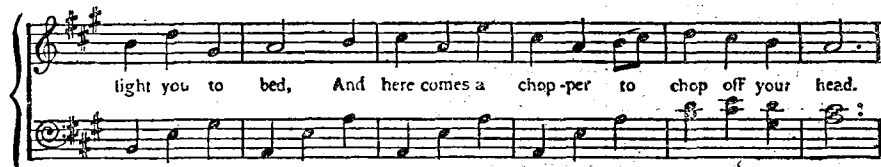
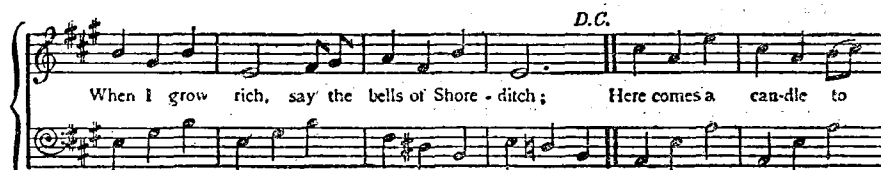
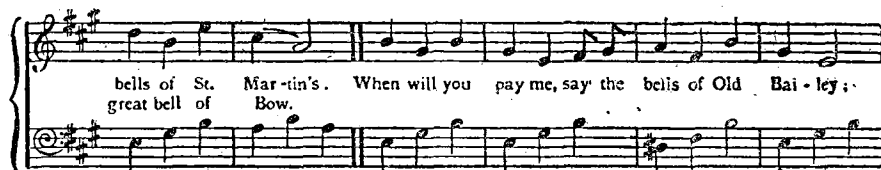
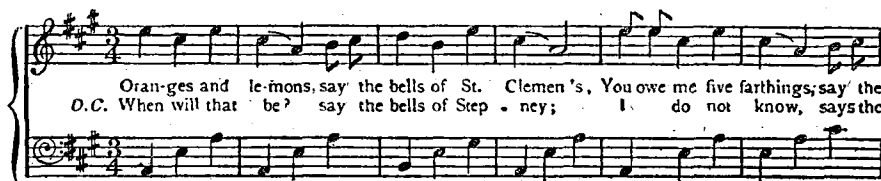
C. R.

DURING YOUR HOLIDAYS

For eight penny stamps the publisher of the Children's Newspaper, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C. 4, will post this paper to you at any address for one month

Oranges and Lemons: The Children's Rhyme

The Bells of St. Clement's, familiar to English children for so long in this old rhyme, are being re-hung, and £800 is wanted to set them ringing. Help for the repair of the bells should be sent to the Rector of St. Clement Danes, London, W.C.



STAR PHOTOGRAPHS

Photographs of stars taken at observatories are usually taken three times over; between each exposure the photographic plate is slightly shifted, so that the three images of each star form a triangle. This is done in order not to confound a small star with a tiny spot on the plate itself.

In spite of the great care taken by plate-makers in making photographic plates for astronomical work, slight flaws, nevertheless, make their appearance, so that the triple exposure through the telescope has to be given; but the flaw only shows once, and cannot thus be mistaken for a star, which is recorded three times.

A CITY MADE IN TWO YEARS

The Sogne fjord, in Norway, with its hundred miles of lake, provides enormous water power. A little village was there two years ago; today it has grown into a huge city.

Norwegian engineers used the Hoyang waterfalls for driving machinery; and their power was so vast that very big factories were built, and with these factories well-built and healthy dwellings made their appearance. Electric light was made available for the humblest inhabitant; shops, stores, engineering works, and big offices came.

Still more factories are being built; and when they are completed this Norwegian town will yield more aluminium than is made anywhere else in Europe.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Sow brown coss and other lettuce for autumn and early winter use. Sow the main winter crop of turnips, and hoe and thin sufficiently advanced crops. Sow parsley for winter and spring use, and finish the planting out of celery for winter supply.

Layer strawberry runners for new plantations, and cut off all runners not required for layering. Cuttings of double wallflowers, pinks, and others should be inserted now. Lift anemones, narcissus, and other roots and bulbs as their foliage dies down.

NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY



The universe moves to order like a clock. Sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is next week's time-table of sun, moon, and sea, given for London, from Sunday, July 13.

Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Sunday	Tuesday	Friday
Sunrise	4.59 a.m.	5.1 a.m.	5.4 a.m.
Sunset	9.11 p.m.	9.10 p.m.	9.7 p.m.
Moonrise	9.2 p.m.	9.54 p.m.	11.2 p.m.
Moonset	6.25 a.m.	8.52 a.m.	12.39 p.m.
High Tide	3.8 p.m.	4.19 p.m.	6.8 p.m.

Moonset: Black figures indicate next day.

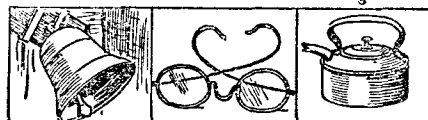
Next Week's Moon



Sunday Tuesday Friday

Other Worlds. Venus and Saturn are high up in the West.

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS



La cloche Les lunettes La bouilloire



Le piano Le lapin Les œufs

La cloche sonne galement.
Il me faut des lunettes.
Il n'y a pas d'eau dans la bouilloire.
La fillette joue bien du piano.
Le lapin a de longues oreilles.
Les œufs coûtent cher en hiver.

LE SPECTATEUR

Lorsque le choléra sévissait à Paris, au siècle dernier, un seul spectateur se présentait à un des grands théâtres.

Il refusa de reprendre son argent, et voulut absolument que l'on jouât pour lui.

Malheureusement pour lui, il souffrit. Le Directeur profita de ce faux pas pour le faire mettre à la porte, sous le prétexte qu'il troublait la représentation.

WOOD AND MUSIC

So great is the shortage of wood sufficiently well seasoned for making pianos that some firms are actually giving up manufacturing them. The tone of a piano depends largely on the quality and age of the wood used, so that it may be a long time before a supply of suitable wood will be available.

Notes to My Nieces

BY AN AUNT

3. The Want-to-Be-Engaged Girl

Of course, Eunice dear, you are much too young to think about getting engaged, but Dad does tease you sometimes about learning to be useful because of Someone and Someday, and, after all, you are nearly sixteen.

The girls who have married at nineteen and even eighteen have set you thinking of the Fairy Prince who will one day kneel at your feet—only he won't kneel, because he would look so silly in modern clothes. You are only a flapper, but you are the girl who will some day be a wife, like Mum. You are such a child, yet even you are more than half a woman, one of those half-opened bud-girls that make me think of a gay spring morning and almond-blossom and daffadowndillies.

Lots of Things to Learn

Now is your time. You are a young apprentice to Life. You are learning how to fit yourself for a great position, that of wife and mother. You have lots of things to learn, so you must try to find a little time for them in the midst of your play and your finishing lessons—which are really "beginning" lessons.

You want to know all sorts of things. You must know something practical about cooking in case "something happens," and you have to do the cooking yourself. You want to know how to keep accounts, and how to clean a house, and how to shop, and sometimes how to make elevenpence into a shilling, which is what I call the "higher mathematics."

Then you also want to learn to be charming, and this is nearly as important as cooking. You know what fact is; you have often seen Mum using tact with Dad, especially when the discussion was about you or your sisters. Now, to sum it all up, you want to learn how to be useful and tidy and economical—without being mean—and clever at shopping and renovating—in fact, you want to be a sort of Enquire Within About Everything.

"Watch Mum!"

That is the Martha side of you. You remember the story of Martha and Mary, don't you? Well, you must be a wise combination of the housewifely Martha and the delightful Mary, and then you'll be a perfect Eunice.

What will your reward be? Oh, well, you need not ask that when you see what Dad thinks of your Mum. He thinks there's no one like her. Fancy anyone thinking that of you! To be the pivot on which somebody's world turns, that's a worth-while idea, isn't it?

Keep that ideal in your mind, little just-about-to-leave-school Eunice, and watch Mum.

Aunt Rosalie

LIVING IN A WHIRLPOOL

How the Air Moves About Us

We live in a little whirlpool of air. It has been proved that in warm weather our bodies make the air around us move away at the speed of about one-tenth of a mile an hour; and Professor MacGregor-Morris has invented an instrument for measuring these slight movements of air.

The instrument consists of a grid of sensitive wires attached to an electric battery, with a pointer and an indicator. It is all so light that it can be carried on a bicycle, and so delicate that it can measure the movement of hot air rising from a warm hand.

The apparatus will be very useful in coal-mines for registering the ventilation, on which the lives of miners depend. A movement of air at a speed of not less than three miles an hour is required in mines, and the indicator will tell if the air is moving at this rate.



MARTIN CRUSOE

A BOY'S ADVENTURE ON WIZARD ISLAND

Told by T. C. Bridges, the popular story-writer

What Has Happened

A brief synopsis of what has happened will appear in next week's issue.

CHAPTER 41

The Fish Lizard

The sigh, caught by the vault of rock high in the darkness overhead, went whispering through the vast stillness of the cavern in a hideously uncanny fashion; and as Martin reached the rock the soft echoes were still murmuring through unseen depths of gloom.

Martin stepped out of his boat, tied the boat firmly to a projecting point of rock, and seated himself upon the highest point of the crag, which was something less than his own height above the water.

After that first sigh dead silence had fallen again on the crowd of watchers who stood on the shore of the subterranean lake. It seemed to Martin that they hardly breathed. Absolutely the only sound that broke the heavy stillness was the slight crackle of the torches which blazed steadily, flinging a blood-red light upon the strained faces of the men and upon the ebony surface of the mirror-like water.

The suspense was abominable. Martin knew by this time that the peril, whatever it was, would rise from the depths beneath him, yet even he was not prepared for the horror that was to come.

A minute dragged by—two. Each seemed an hour. Then Martin saw large bubbles rising to the surface of the smooth water. They shone iridescent in the torch glare, broke and vanished.

Next, ripples broke the jet-black mirror, and rolled slowly away to the edge, lapping, with a hollow sound, against the surrounding rocks.

Martin fixed his eyes upon the point from which they started, and almost at once the surface broke, and out of the abyss rose a head hideous beyond the wildest nightmare.

Dreadful as had been the monster of the lake in Lost Island, this was a thousand times worse. Shaped somewhat like that of a crocodile, the head was at least six feet in length, but the jaws resembled rather the beak of a monstrous bird than those of the lizard tribe. They were solid bone, and were set with hundreds of teeth sharp as lancets and about three inches long.

Behind the teeth and set on each side of the vast scaly skull was a pair of eyes, each as large as a man's head and protected by a series of bony plates. These eyes were fixed on Martin with a pitiless glare. It flashed across him that their owner considered him as much its own as a parrot would a hempseed in its tray.

Behind the head stretched a vast fish-like body, with a scaled crest down its monstrous back.

But the horror of the thing was its colour. It was dead white—white as chalk, from the tip of its long, beak-like jaws to the tail waving slowly under the dark waters. If Martin had had time to think, he would have found this natural enough; all cave creatures, who live their lives shut away from the sun are albino.

Even if he had thought of this, it would not have lessened the horror of the sight. This much he did realise—that the creature was a plesiosaurus, a relic of earth's early ages, strangely preserved in this forgotten ancient land.

Slowly and deliberately the horror swam towards the little pinnacle of rock. There was not the slightest hesitation about its movements, nor any hurry. With a thrill of horror Martin felt that it was accustomed to be fed in this dreadful fashion, and he vaguely wondered how many unfortunates had stood where he was standing, waiting for the inevitable end.

His eyes were fixed on the great staring, expressionless orbs of the lizard, and for the moment he had forgotten the watchers and everything else. He stood as if frozen to stone while his hideous enemy came steadily towards him.

The creature's beak was within a dozen yards, and still Martin did not move. Though he himself did not know it, he was hypnotised by the stony glare of the plesiosaurus's eyes; fascinated just as a bird is by the snake which glides upon it.

So he would have remained till the monster snatched him from his pinnacle, but for a mere chance. A torch burnt out, and fell hissing into the water.

It was enough. Slight as the sound was, it broke the spell, and Martin wrenched himself into life again. Instinctively his hand flew to his bombs. Quick as light he pulled one out. Having no fulminate, Martin had fitted these bombs with a slow fuse, a very short one, reckoned to burn no more than four or five seconds. The question flashed through his brain whether he would have time to light it before the brute was upon him.

Urgent as the peril was, his hand did not shake as he pulled out his match and lit the fuse.

It fizzed up, with a small red glow, throwing out a little shower of hissing sparks. Martin raised the bomb above his head in his right hand, and, as he did so, the monster also rose.

Its vast pale head shot up out of the lake with the water streaming off it; its beak-like jaws opened, gaping a yard apart.

In a flash Martin saw his chance and took it. With all his force he flung the little bomb straight in between those double rows of knife-like teeth.

With a clang like the slamming of a steel door the jaws closed. For an instant the brute seemed to hesitate. An instant only, yet to Martin it was an age of agony. If his home-made fuse failed him his last chance of life was gone; there would be no time to prepare the second bomb.

The head was darting forward again. Martin did not move. He knew it was useless, and at any rate he would show Odan and his brutal crew that an English boy knew how to meet death.

Then—then a thud. Not a loud explosion but something more like the sound made by a dynamite cartridge exploding under the stump of a tree.

A puff of dark smoke, and as it rose, the monster, headless, fell back into the lake.

CHAPTER 42

The Salt Track

Down crashed that ponderous body, flinging the spray high as Martin's head. But though the dreadful creature was to all intents and purposes dead, yet the slow lizard life within it caused it to lash the water fearfully.

Its struggles were a fearsome sight. Like a whale in its death flurry it thrashed the water with

its great fish-like fins and its long tail. The whole of the great underground lake boiled and foamed, and waves beat upon the shore as in a storm. The crashes and splashings sent echoes booming and thundering through all the vast cavern. They beat back from the rock dome high overhead with a deafening, almost appalling clamour.

Martin watched, fascinated, during the few moments that the dying agonies lasted. Then slowly the monster sank beneath the waves, and went glimmering down into the unknown depths. And Martin felt his knees like water under him, while the cave and all it contained swam mistily before his eyes.

But the will within him was strong. He knew that now, of all times, he must not show the white feather. With a tremendous effort he pulled himself together and faced Odan and his followers.

Odan and the Norsemen were still on their feet; but as for the brown men, one and all were down on their marrow-bones. Some, indeed, were flat on their faces on the rocks.

As for Odan himself—fury, unbelief, but more than that—fear was written large on his heavy countenance. Never having seen an explosive in his life except a shot from Martin's pistol, having no idea whatever of the properties of gunpowder, this was to him the greatest miracle of all.

A sudden wave of triumph swept through Martin's veins. He made up his mind that now was the time to act. He must not wait for the effect to wear off. At once he stepped into the boat, picked up the paddle, and with a couple of strong strokes sent the little craft across to the bank.

Stepping out, he walked straight up to Odan.

"I claim your promise," he said, looking the giant in the eyes.

Odan's gigantic frame quivered with rage and fear combined. His great right hand moved towards his sword hilt. If Martin then had shown the slightest sign of fear, Odan would have cut him down. But not a muscle of the boy's face quivered; and he faced the leader as calmly as though he himself had a regiment behind him.

Odan uttered a curse under his tawny moustache.

"You have won, wizard!" he said savagely. "I keep my word. You can go."

Martin merely nodded. He glanced scornfully at the mob of terrified Lemurians, then, taking a torch from one of the men, strolled coolly off up the tunnel leading to fresh air and freedom.

Calm as he looked, in reality Martin was far from happy. By this time he knew Odan's savage mind far too well to trust him. He remembered that he was five good miles from even such safety as the temple afforded, and the only way to cover the distance was afoot. Long before he could return to the capital, Odan's men would

have recovered from their panic, and with Odan encouraging them would be at his heels.

Once round the first curve in the tunnel, he quickened his pace. A moment later or two he caught sight of the circle of bright light which was the entrance to the tunnel. He almost ran, and in spite of his danger could have shouted with joy when he found himself outside the fearsome place, and in the full glare of the hot sun.

He looked round. The litter stood where he had left it, and to his astonishment and relief the four brown men who had carried it were still with it. Boldness, Martin felt, was his best policy. He walked straight across to it.

The faces of the bearers were a study. It was quite certain that they had never expected to see him again, either alive or dead. All four dropped on their knees as he came up to them.

Martin smiled inwardly.

"They must take me for a ghost," he said to himself.

"Get up!" he said curtly, and as they did not move he administered a gentle kick to the nearest.

The man sprang instantly to his feet and the others followed his example. Martin stepped into the litter and pointed towards the city.

"Get on with you!" he said sharply.

It was his gesture, not his words, that the men understood. They lifted the litter and started off. Martin glanced back in the direction of the tunnel. But there was no sign of Odan and his crew.

"That's all to the good," said Martin aloud. "But I wish I hadn't quite so far to go."

The bearers went on at a sort of jog trot, a rate that would cover about five miles an hour.

Martin's brain was working double tides. He was perfectly certain that at that moment Odan was haranguing his men, trying to start them in pursuit.

"If I'd only got my plane," he muttered.

He started sharply, for an idea had suddenly flashed into his head.

He looked out. A long way off to his right he could see the upper part of the harbour, the calm water lying like a blue mirror under the sun blaze. He saw something else, and that was a road or track running off the one he was travelling in the direction of the harbour. No doubt it was the one along which the salt was carried for shipment.

He leaned over, and pointed out this track to his men.

"That way!" he said sharply.

Obedient as slaves, the men turned down the side road and jogged sharply onwards. Martin glanced back.

Near the cave mouth men, looking like a swarm of ants in the distance, streamed across the plain.

"I thought as much," he muttered. "Odan's on the job."

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

OLD OWLIE

Old Owlie lives on the outskirts of a village in a house of his own building—if such a tattered shelter can be dignified by the name of house. It looks more as if the contents of a dust-bin had been dumped down on the hillside, being merely a bewildering mass of rags and rubbish he picks up on his wanderings.

The people at the cottages near by are very kind to Owlie; they let him fill his dirty little kettle at their pumps and sometimes boil it for him over their stoves. Or Owlie will thrust his shaggy head in at a back door with the husky request:

"Have you got a drop of oil, Mrs. Brown, you can spare to fry a sausage?" And having secured the oil, he goes next door to inquire:

"Scuse me, Mrs. Jordan, but have you got such a thing as a sausage I can fry with this drop of oil?"

Poor Owlie! He has never had anyone to teach him right from wrong. He pulls up cabbages from Mrs. Jordan's garden in the night and sells them to Mrs. Brown in the morning; occasionally he pulls up Mrs. Brown's own cabbages and sells them to herself. For a copper or two he will chop firewood, mend masts, skin rabbits, or mind babies. But his main business lies in Bottom Wood.

For, sad to tell, Owlie is by profession a poacher. He makes regular excursions to the wood, coming back with his pockets bulging suspiciously, and his black lurcher slinking at his heels. "Mate" is as dishonest as his master, and quite as wily; he gets many a stolen meal for Owlie's larder.

They often walk through the town together, glancing askance at the butchers' shops, then Owlie will suddenly dodge up an entry and murmur to the dog:

"Say, Mate, that was a nice leg o' mutton we saw just now, wasn't it?"

The dog promptly trots off, returning in a few minutes with the joint in his mouth, and Owlie carefully hides it, and slips up back streets home to his dilapidated dwelling.

One snowy night the old poacher was striding across the hills when his foot caught in a rabbit-hole and he went sprawling on the ground. His leg was fractured, and he could only lie on his back and groan, with the snow drifting over him and the cold penetrating his clothes.

"My number's up this time, Mate," he mumbled.

In the morning some workmen found him. Mate had scratched a wall of snow around him, protecting him from the wind, and was curled up on his chest, tenderly licking his face.

They thought he was dead, but the warmth of the dog's body had kept a flicker of life in him, and kind Mrs. Jordan took him in and nursed him better.

The old vagabond and his faithful dog still haunt the countryside; for, as Owlie says:

"I may be an old 'un, but I'm tougher than many that's a good deal younger!"

NEWSPAPER NOTES AND QUERIES

What is a Plenipotentiary?

A plenipotentiary is a person entrusted with full power to transact any business, such as an envoy to a peace congress or an ambassador to a Court. The word is from the Latin, and means "full power."

What was the Congress of Vienna?

The Congress of Vienna was an assembly of representatives of the Great Powers of Europe, which met at Vienna at the end of the Napoleonic Wars to arrange the future of Europe, and matters arising therefrom.

What is a Zollverein?

A zollverein is an arrangement between two or more States to have free trade among them-

selves, and to impose a duty on goods imported from other countries. The word means "Customs Union." The German Empire was a zollverein.

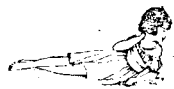
What is Opportunism? Opportunism means the practice of those who adapt their conduct and policy to circumstances instead of regulating them by principle.

What is a Knot?—Several correspondents have pointed out that a knot is really a measure of speed and not of distance. The unit of distance at sea is a nautical mile; the knot tells how many of these miles are travelled in an hour. Thus we say a ship goes 25 knots, not 25 knots an hour. Knots means "miles an hour."

July 12, 1919

The Children's Newspaper

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The Heart's Mirth Makes a Cheerful Face



Dr. Merryman

Friend: "Do you think your poems will live after you are dead?"
Poet: "Can't say. I wish they'd let me live while I'm alive."

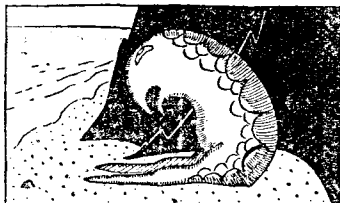
□ □ □

There was a young man of Aberdeen
Who on falling was awfully keen;

He lived near a well
Down which he once fell,
Since when he has never been seen.

□ □ □

The Zoo That Never Was



The Tweezle

Poor Tweezle! sitting by the cliff;
It is a dismal chappie.
The cliffs are black—I wonder if
That's why it's so unhappy?

□ □ □

Things Nobody Has Ever Seen

The aunt of two bright readers writes:

My small nieces, aged 11 and 8, take the Children's Newspaper and love it, though Hope, the elder one, explained that Daphne, "of course does not read every bit of it as I do." Reading the paragraph "How Willie won a Sixpence" for naming things that could not be seen, we suggested that we might think of some ourselves, and in five minutes we had these twelve, which Hope wrote down. But it was little Daphne who thought of most of them, and the best of them, too.

A shoe on the leg of a table.
A vein in the leaf of a book.
A finger on a hand of cards.
A petal on the rose of a watering can.

A key from the trunk of a tree.
Feathers on the bonnet of a car.
Tiles on the roof of your mouth.
People on the bridge of your nose.

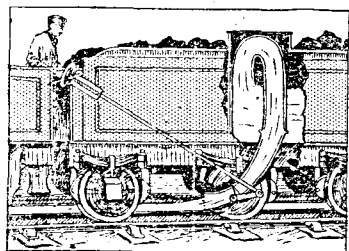
A lock on the lids of your eyes.
A fringe on the sash of a window.
The teeth of a cock's comb.
The feathers of a tail coat.

How many can you think of in five minutes?

□ □ □

PICTURES THAT ANSWER QUESTIONS

How is Water Picked Up by an Express Train?



Water rushes up a pipe which is let down to a water-trough between the rails

□ □ □

A Punctuation Rhyme

This is a comma; here I stay
While counting one upon my way.

: A semi-colon next I view;
Here I must stop and count one, two.

: A colon next I plainly see,
And stop to count just one, two, three.

A period now, which means still more;
I stop to count one, two, three, four.

The Boy to the Schoolmaster

"You have quizzed me often, and puzzled me long,
You have asked me to cipher and spell;

You have called me a dolt if I answered wrong,
Or a dunce if I failed to tell
Just when to say lie and when to say lay,

Or what nine sevens may make,
Or the longitude of Kamschatka Bay.

Or the I-forget-what's-its-name lake,
So I think it's about my turn, I do,
To ask a question or so of you."

The schoolmaster grim he opened his eyes,
But he said not a word for sheer surprise.

"Can you tell what phen-dubs means? I can.

Can you say all off by heart
The onery, twoery, hickory ann?
Or tell commons and alleys apart?
Can you spin a top, I would like to know,

Till it hums like a bumble bee?
Can you make a kite yourself that will go

'Most as high as the eye can see?
Till it sails and soars, like a hawk on the wing,
And the little birds come and light on the string?"

The schoolmaster looked, oh! very demure,
But his mouth was twitching, I'm almost sure.

"Can you tell where the nest of the bullfinch swings,
Or the colour its eggs may be?
Do you know the time when the squirrel brings
Its young from their nest in the tree?

Can you tell when the chestnuts are ready to drop,
Or where the best hazel nuts grow?

Can you climb a high tree to the very tip-top,
And gaze, without trembling, below?

Can you swim and dive, can you jump and run,
Or do anything else we boys call fun?"

The master's voice trembled, as he replied,
"You are right, my lad; I'm the dunce," he sighed.

E. J. WHEELER

A New Match Puzzle

Take six matches and make a triangle as shown, using two matches for each side.
Now take three other matches and make a figure containing four equal triangles without in any way breaking the triangle you have already made.

Solution next week

Poser

If Huntsman Jones took a gate,
do you think Farmer Brown would take offence?

"Don't be selfish, Jack; let Baby play with your marbles as well," said Mother. "He won't want to keep them."

"But he does, Mummie; because he's swallowed two already."

Is Your Name Heath?

A forefather of yours, no doubt, lived upon a heath, and was spoken of as John or Thomas of the heath. Gradually he or his descendants came to be known as John or Thomas or Henry Heath, and so the name came down to you. In some cases Heath may be a corruption of Hythe, meaning a quay or harbour.

Jacko Takes the Baby Home

When Jacko started off to take the Baby home it was late in the afternoon. He got home at tea-time.

"You bad boy!" exclaimed his mother, as she caught sight of him; "what have you done with your little brother?"

"I'm here," cried the Baby; and before he could say any more, his mother picked him up and smothered him with kisses.

Jacko took advantage of the opportunity to slip out of the house before he got what he deserved. On his way back the young rascal met some boys playing rounders in the park, and of course he must stop to play too. He played for quite a long time, and when he ran off to the school he lost his way.

He found it at last, and as he scampered up the steps a clock struck ten.

"Horrors! It is late!" exclaimed Jacko. "Shan't I get a wiggling! They'll all be in bed!"

There was a window open in the balcony over the porch, and a most obliging water-pipe running up the house beside it. Jacko was up that pipe in no time, on to the balcony, and in the room. Suddenly he stopped.

There was a loud snore! It was a bedroom—the master's! By the light of the moon he could see his funny nightcap.

"Coo!" whispered Jacko. "S'pose I wake him!"

The snoring stopped, and a voice asked: "Who's there?"



Jacko darted behind the bed—it was a huge thing, the old-fashioned kind, with four posts and a great curtain over the top.

"What a lovely place to hide!" he thought.

In a twinkling he climbed up to the top, and hung on to one of the posts.

"Who's there?" cried the voice again.

Jacko began to laugh. Unfortunately he let go of the post, slipped, and slid—along the curtain, over the edge, and fell with a plop on the bed!

Jacko was so surprised that he left off laughing—he was every bit as surprised as the master himself.

"Help! help! I'm being murdered!" shrieked the poor man, in a fright.

"No, you're not," cried Jacko, kicking himself free; "it's only me."

"You again!" cried the Master; "you wicked young imp! Go up to bed this instant. I'll talk to you in the morning!"

Adventures of Augustus and Marmaduke

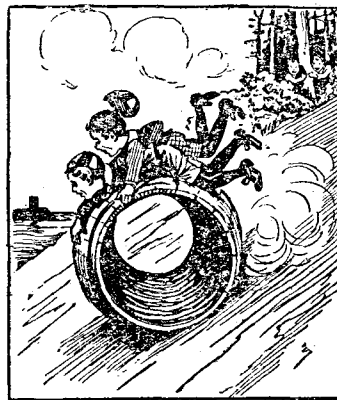
Peter and John lived at the house just across the way; Augustus and young Marmaduke were passing there one day. "Let's put them in a butt," said Gus. Said Marmaduke, "We will. And in the barrel we will roll these lads down Bishop's Hill."

But John was smart, and Peter too, so when they crawled inside they crept right through. "Behind these trees," young Peter said, "we'll hide."

"They're both inside," Augustus said; "now roll the barrel down; Those boys will be a pretty sight by the time they reach the town."

Two nails were sticking in the butt; now o'er and o'er they go. The clothes of Marmaduke are caught, and so are Gussie's too. The boys are rolled round with the butt, and underneath as well, And over once, and o'er again, ah, sad it is to tell!

You'd find them rolled as flat as flat if you were there to see; And John and Peter now are safe, I think you will agree.



The Lighthouse Girl

On the night of September 6, 1838, the steamer Forfarshire was sailing from Hull to Dundee, and was passing the Farn Islands, when it struck upon one of the terrible crags that make navigation in those waters so dangerous.

In a short time it broke completely in two, and most of the 63 persons on board, including the captain, were swept away and drowned. The fore-part of the ship remained fast on the rock, and at daybreak next morning the lighthouse-keeper on the Longstone Rock discovered by means of a glass that nine persons were still living, and clinging to the crag and the remains of the ill-fated vessel.

Their position seemed hopeless, for the returning tide must wash them into the raging sea; and the lighthouse-keeper, though a brave man, could only bemoan their fate. He came to the conclusion that nothing could save them. Not so his daughter, a young woman of 23, who lived with her parents in the lighthouse.

"We must not let them perish," she said to her father; "I will row with you, and God will help us."

At last her father agreed, and after some difficulty they launched the boat. Never before had this delicate girl manned the boat, and the boisterous sea made the task one from which even strong men might have shrunk. But sympathy gave her unnatural strength; and after a terrific battle with the waves the wreck was reached and some of the survivors brought off. Then once more the boat set out, this time with the assistance of two of the survivors, and the rest of the party was saved.

The gallantry of the girl soon became known throughout the country and beyond. She received the gold medal of the Humane Society, the Government gave her £50, and £750 was subscribed and invested for her.

But although she lived such a healthy life surrounded by the sea, she developed consumption. The doctors recommended that she should leave the Farn Islands and go to Bamborough, on the Northumberland Coast, where she was born; but this led to no improvement, and she went to Alnwick for further advice, where a duchess visited her and attended to her wants. Nothing availed, and, returning to Bamborough, the brave girl died at the early age of 26, mourned by the whole civilised world, to whom her story had become an inspiration and an incentive. Here is her portrait. Who was she?



The Empire Man Last Week was Sir Francis Drake

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly, the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

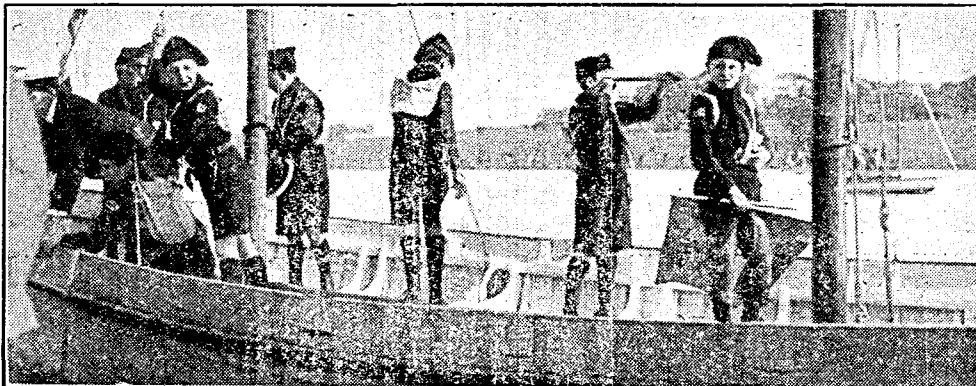
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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A LITTLE CROWD OF HEROES. BABY ON THE ROOF. LAND AND SEA SCOUTS



A child winner of the War Cross
Roger Bavoux—See page 7



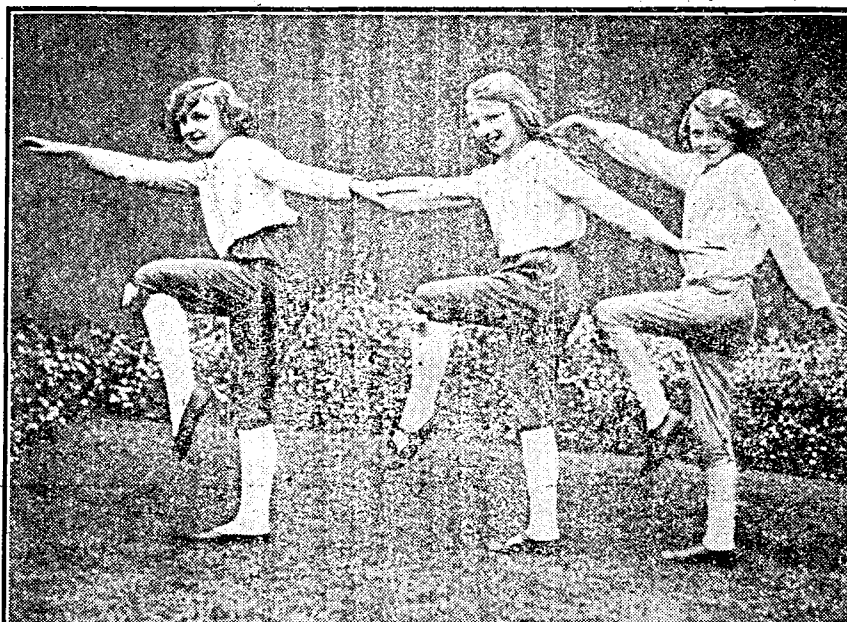
The Sea Scouts—boys in training at Hendon



Dr. Addison, New Minister of Health



A boy-scout pyramid at a garden party for the Homes for Boys at Farningham, Kent



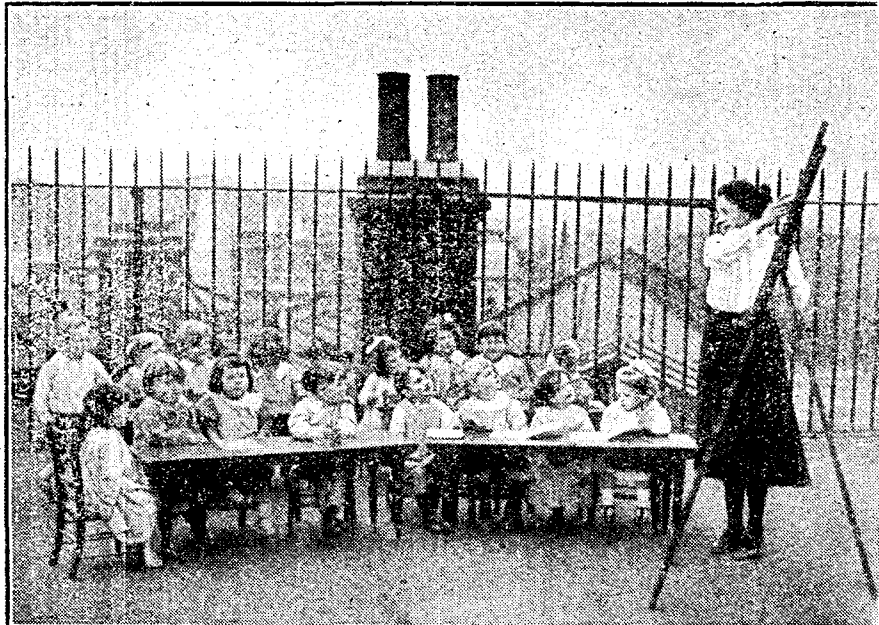
A dance in the garden of St. James's Palace at a party in aid of the National Fund for Nurses



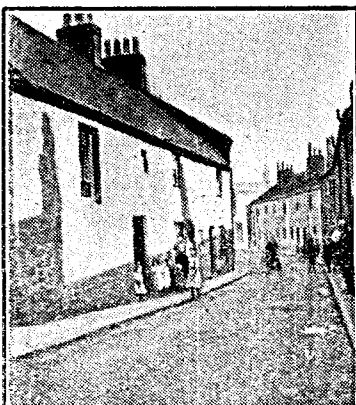
"Little Women" film—John Brook and Meg. See page 8



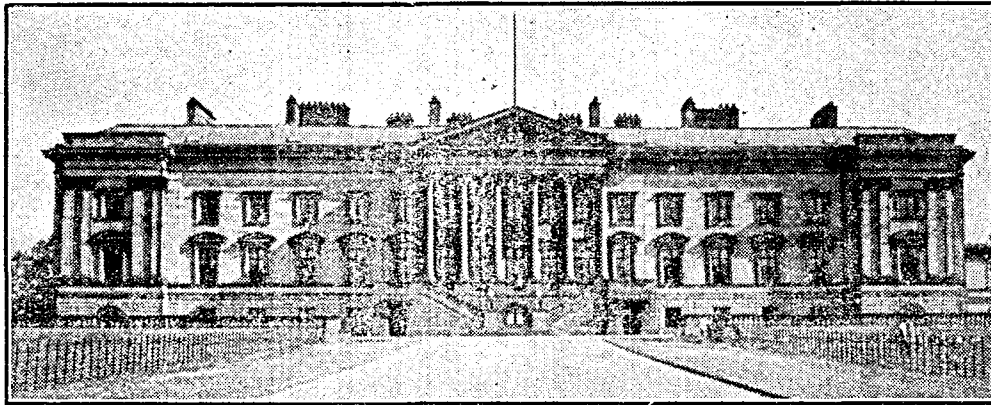
A crowd of victors—Oxford people delight to meet in their streets Marshal Joffre, General Pershing, Sir Douglas Haig, Admiral Beatty, Admiral Wemyss, and Sir Henry Wilson



Babies on the tops of London—A school lesson on the roof at a new creche just opened in Kingsway



The palace and the slum—Hamilton Palace in Lanarkshire is to be pulled down because the mines that have enriched its owners make it unsafe; but these slums in which the miners live are left standing, though unsafe to health



Racing on a motor scooter. Photo by courtesy of "The Motor Cycle."